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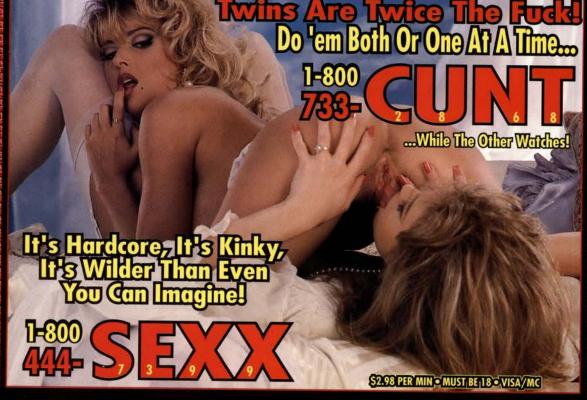
WHY SOME CONCERNED **AMERICANS ARE SPYING ON THE** A VIDEO COMPANY NAMED BIZARRE & **APRIL FOOL LOVERS** IN HUSTLER'S REAL WORLD



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HUSTLER

Volume 21 Number 11

April 1995

- Marvel at Cunts With Brains and a Canine Who Gives Girls His Bone Edited by Scott Schalin
- 12 It's Shoshanna
 Time!
 He Who First Fucks Seinfeld's Ex Wins
 HUSTLER for Life
- 13 Feedback
 Readers Come to Praise HUSTLER,
 Not Bury Us
- 14 Ad Parody CK-Nun Cologne
- 19 HUSTLER'S
 Real World
 The Contest Climaxes With a PhotoJournal of Coed Cohabitation
- 27 Erotic
 Entertainment
 Viewers Whack Back and Vote for '95's
 Best Porn Performances
 Edited by Mike McPadden
- 37 Hot Letters
 Getting to the Bottom of a
 Baby-Sitter's Duties
- 39 XXX-Men HUSTLER Salutes Porn's All-Time Most Stellar Studs
- 45 April Fools'
 Pranks for Lovers
 An Illustrated Guide to Gross-Out Gags
- 51 Sex Play
 The Mercy Fuck: Tossing One to the
 Luckless
 by Alex Marvel
- 53 Ad Parody Spurtoff Vodka
- Truly Bizarre
 Whips and Chains and
 Porn Stars in Pain
 On the Spot Report by Selwyn Harris
- 60 Sheena and Cecelia: Who's the Boss?
 Photography by Clive McLean

- 74 Jake and Brett: Hotwheels Photography by Matti Klatt
- 80 Angie
 Fiction by Joe Moore
- 85 Pryce Leigh: Lip Service Photography by Clive McLean
- 94 Lisa: Czech, Please Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- 104 HUSTLER Humor
 Edited by Mike McPadden and Jeanne
 Diamond
- 106 Good-Guy Spies Civil-Rights Watchdogs Doing Domestic Surveillance for Uncle Sam Report by Jim Redden
- 110 Christie Lee: Checkmate Photography by Clive McLean
- 125 Beaver Hunt
 Take the First Look at Uncharted Nook





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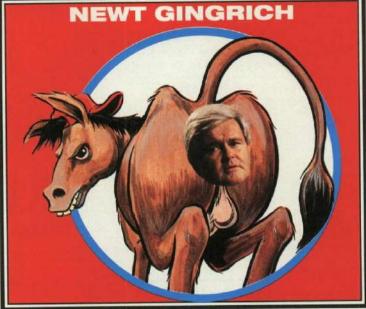


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Call it a moral sinkhole; call it a sewage-spinning whirlpool of half truth and hate; call it a great black void of vacuum-sucked soullessness. Call the disease by whatever name fits its evil, and if the pestilent bearer of sickness is Newton Leroy Gingrich, then call it HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for April 1995.

Though Newt Gingrich is the third man in line for the U.S. Presidency, most Americans don't know who he is. Vigilant HUSTLER readers, however, remember that Gingrich has twice reigned as Asshole of the Month (in December 1984 and October 1989). America's Magazine recognized this shithouse ferret for a rectum-gnawing rodent long before he'd chewed up through the gummy backdoors of Washington, D.C., to his position as Speaker of the House of Representatives.

On March 6, 1978, HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt dropped to the ground on a small-town Georgia sidewalk, hemorrhaging massively from gruesome wounds torn through him by a would-be assassin's bullets. A few months later, on November 7, 1978, Newt Gingrich was voted into Congress, representing the same Georgia district in which Larry Flynt was shot. Larry was gunned down during the very time that Gingrich was pawing, snarling, wheeling and dirty-dealing his way to a very tight victory. Newt's documented attack tactics during that campaign, and his virulent, mean-spirited assaults on anyone who has crossed his path subsequently, show him to be a rabid weasel who will stoop to any low to



win. Gingrich had lost two earlier bids for elective office in Georgia.

No one has tried to prove that Gingrich's connection with the highly orchestrated shooting of Larry Flynt was more than coincidental proximity. There is, however, ample evidence that Gingrich's character is streaked to the core with cruelty. dishonesty and a desire to impose his will upon every living being on earth. Eight years ago, Gingrich told the Washington Post. "I have an ambition. I want to shift the entire planet." As one of the most influential men in the government of the most powerful nation on the globe, Gingrich now shapes and defines laws and policies that will effect every human in the world.

"If America fails," warns Gingrich of our current critical point in history, "our children will live on a dark and bloody planet."

The planet is bloody and bleak enough already, but can civilization survive being made over in the image of Newt Gingrich?

Gingrich champions himself as a paragon of family values, integrity, moral rectitude and achievement. His record shows otherwise. In his 1978 congressional race, Gingrich's TV ads portrayed his opponent as neglectful of her family because she intended to commute to work. "When elected, Newt will keep his family together," flashed the message onscreen. During his first term, Gingrich dumped his two kids and

wife of 18 years. She had cancer.

Gingrich has been critical of Clinton ducking the war in Vietnam. The two kids Newt ditched were the basis for his deferment from that same war.

Gingrich rails incessantly against government handouts; yet he represents a county that is the third-largest recipient of federal funds of any suburb in the nation—57% over the national average.

"I don't delight in controversy," claims the controversial Rep. "I like achievement." As a Congressman, he is conspicuously short on legislative achievement.

While a student at Tulane University, young Newt threatened to disrupt the campus to protest censorship of nude photos in the school newspaper. Now he grouses about people who read porn, while publishing a novel that many perceive as prurient.

Though Gingrich aspires to be "the leading teacher of 21st-century American civilization," he admonished college Republicans: "Don't try to educate [the public]. That's not your job." He pines for "the power of the mind and the spirit"; yet urges GOP candidates to "go negative" and use "minor details" to demonize the opposition, an opposition that is made up of well-meaning Americans.

Gingrich assured NBC's Meet the Press that: "Most people don't realize it's illegal to pray [in school]." In fact, prayer is not illegal in school. All good children should pray that God protects us from the fallout of the Asshole that is Newt Gingrich.

Farts in the Wind

James Fignar and Bonnie Railing: James and Bonnie hired a 14-year-old girl to baby-sit their four children, ages two to ten, for two days. The couple stayed away from home for 16 days and now want their children back. James, whom records show is a burglar, thief, spouse beater, and five-time drunk

driver, admits he and Bonnie, "screwed up big time," but complains that the national attention has been "devastating." The spotlight shows Assholes.

Alicia Ruiz Hanna: Alicia Ruiz Hanna, owner of a Santa Ana, California, abortion clinic, shaved costs by performing abortions herself rather than hiring a qualified medic. Alicia killed a patient, then stuffed the woman's body into the trunk of her car while two of the deceased's children waited for their mother to emerge. At her trial, the abortionist covered her face, shook and cried, a quivering, weeping Asshole.

A Noble Beaver

In recent decades, the Nobel Peace Prize has been awarded to men with less-than-peaceful backgrounds. In 1973, Henry Kissinger won the award even after overseeing the illegal war in Cambodia. In 1978, Anwar Sadat earned the honor despite having launched the October War five years earlier that accounted for 16,000 deaths. Just last year, Palestinian Liberation Organization Chairman Yasir Arafat, despite a long history of condoning terrorist violence, won the prize along with

Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin who had once granted his soldiers the right to break bones to suppress a Palestinian group. Enough!

The time has come for a true visionary to earn his just reward. We're talking about a benevolent creature who cut his teeth helping men get in touch with themselves and elevating women to exalted status. HUSTLER nominates NRA member Bucky Beaver for this year's Nobel Peace Prize, and we urge readers to do the same.

I nominate Bucky Beaver for the Nobel Peace Prize because:

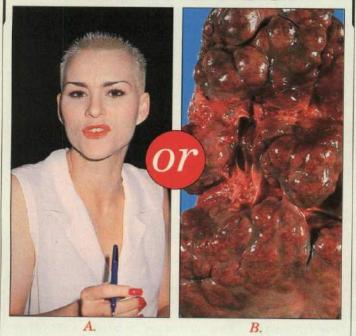


HUSTLER'S Bucky Beaver

Mail to:

American Nobel Nomination Committee, 1 Morningside Drive N, Westport, CT 06880

Prick Teaser



Here's a test to measure a masturbator's psyche. How would you rather jack off? A. Looking at exercise guru/geek Susan Powter or B. Into the extracted liver of singer/junkie David Crosby. The answers and their significance appear on page 10 of Bits & Pieces.

Celebrity Urinal Mint #5



She's beautiful. She's brazen. She's a bitch. Cindy Crawford—style scholar, celebrity activist, advertising machine—wouldn't be so fucking repellent if we could give that million-dollar face the washing it deserves. HUSTLER invites readers to cut out and set Cindy's mug over the urinal mint in the company piss trough or float her face in the bowl of the bathroom at home. Give the soon-to-be-ex Mrs. Gere a shot she truly deserves and flush her face with golden streams of piddle. See, all things can be equal.

HUSTLER Salutes Women With...

Cunt Smarts









Power to the Pussy

There are different kinds of worldly wisdom. Some people get ahead using book-learned "school smarts"; others bully their way to the top using a conniving set of "street smarts." Women, however, have a set of brain fac-

tors that can be much deeper and more gritty than any man can imagine. The HUSTLER encyclopedia calls this phenomenon cunt smarts. For April, we salute four vaginally virtuous talents who've adroitly used the

essence of pussy to get where they are today. Congratulations to (from left to right) actresses Sharon Stone and Heather Locklear, porn auteur Tianna and singer Mariah Carey. May these glorious gals inspire a new generation of liberated libidinal ladies.

(HUSTLER invites these chosen few to FAX their "Cunt Smarts" acceptance speeches to 310-275-3857 along with a photocopied picture of their pussy. Thank you.)



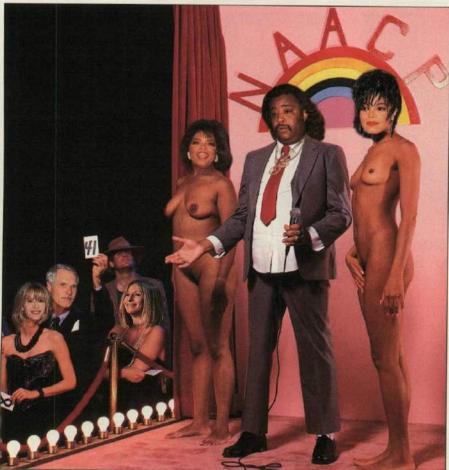


"Honey, please try not to sneeze while you're down there!" Jeffrey Russo wins \$150 for taking us back to a time when sex was a laughing matter. Send a smile in the form of naughty, old photos to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, and we may brighten your day with our monthly prize. Always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



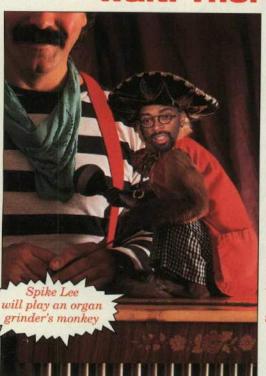
NAACP Slave Auction: It's a Black Biddin' Thing



It's easy to be cynical about celebrities who support quasi-political causes to brighten their own spotlight, but even HUSTLER was touched when Hollywood's media moguls turned out en masse for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Slave Auction. With the Reverend Al Sharpton acting as auctioneer, this fund-raising event helped the beleaguered civil-rights organization overcome a \$3.8-million deficit caused when some of its leaders allegedly engaged in "financial irregularities."

Bestowing their boo-ya bodies, singer Janet Jackson and talk-show host Oprah Winfrey earned the highest prices on the auctioning block. Adding a touch of gash to their already opulent lives, CNN founder and Deep South landowner Ted Turner outbid Barbra Streisand for the rights to Janet Jackson, admitting, "My wife Jane has always wanted to taste black pussy, and now she'll get the chance while helping a good cause." In all, the auction amassed nearly \$2 million for the NAACP, a total which, sadly, didn't cover the combined dinner checks of Oprah and Rev. Al.

Wait! There's still time to help!!

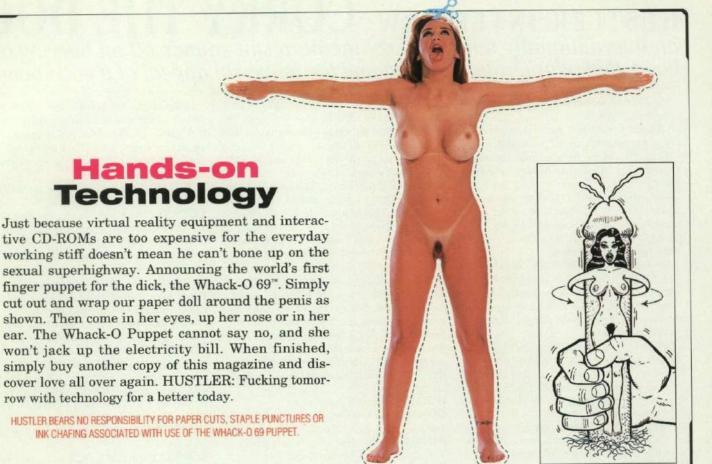


Those who couldn't attend the auction can still help this worthy campaign. Many African American celebs are up for bidding. Check out lot #666: Famed film director Spike Lee has offered to be a merry organ grinder's monkey and entertain at the highest bidder's next party. Looking for more practical amusement? Bid on entry #516, the newly legless Ella Fitzgerald. who will act as a live coaster/party tray. To the victor go the spills.

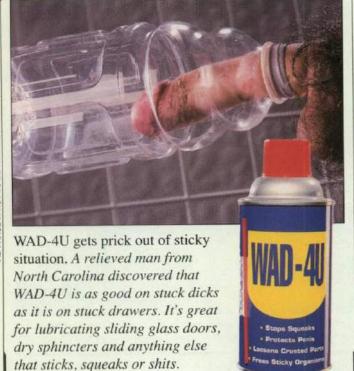
Send all auction entries to:

NAACP Relief Fund c/o HUSTLER Magazine 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300 Beverly Hills, CA 90210





USE #723



WAD-4U™. THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER USE.



Made from the best shit on Earth.

When the Snapple beverage corporation was purchased by Quaker Oats recently, longtime Snapple drinkers pondered the impact that a company known for its lumpy oatmeal will have on iced teas and fruit punches. HUSTLER has obtained the merger's preview

product, a drink called Crapple, the thirst quencher that's blown out instead of brewed. From Poo-Poo Punch to Crap Up Colonberry Sports Drink, Crapple puts back the identical vitamins and minerals that are passed by the body each day.

9

HUSTLER INTERVIEW: CORKY THE DOG an internationally renowned canine porn star sounds off on burying his bone, that odoriferous pop diva and the universal appeal of a good pound

The Airedale is chided immediately upon entering the coffeehouse.

"You can't smoke that here," the waitress instructs, her eyebrows arched in seriousness.

He snuffs out the burning material in his hashish pipe. "Uptight Americans," the beast

He scans the crowd, sniffing for that unmistakable odor of journalist. With his snout pointed in the direction of the interview table, the dog's ears poke up, his tail wags, and he leaps into the subject's chair.

The hound in question is Corky. In the United States, he is perceived as an unremarkable house-pet. In his native Netherlands, however, Corky is a giant, a household name, a fixture in that grooviest of nation's anything-goes culture.

Corky is a porn star.

Beginning with a breakout supporting role in Summer of My German Shepherd (1991), the wiry-coated scamp has appeared in dozens of interspecies erotic films over the past few years, achieving an icon status relegated only to the most dynamic sex performers.

On this chilly Los Angeles afternoon, the blue screen's favorite pooch laps a bowl of latte and digs into a mocha-coated Milk Bone, happy to be where he is.

More importantly, Corky, the canine porn stud, is happy to be who he is.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your background. Where are you from? How and when did you get your start?

CORKY: Well, I turned seven this year, which is a major, major moment in a dog's life-it's about the halfway mark, if we can stave off the

impulse to run in front of speeding trucks. Anyway, I celebrated by inviting Penny, the girl who raised me, to my swinging pound, and we talked about all the old times. I learned a lot. For instance, she wasn't the only one who noticed how remarkably endowed I was straight out of the litter. A filmmaker happened by to see Penny's folks, and once he caught sight of my big, pink one, he actually wanted to pull me from my mother's teat to work in movies right away. Fortunately, Penny put her wooden clog down: I was too young, she insisted, and she refused to traffic in Puppy Porn.

Penny and I grew very close after that, and eventually did what came naturally. In fact, we did it a lot. Enterprising Penny thought to charge admission. In time, we hooked up with Bestial Johann's Traveling Dog and Pony Show, and soon enough, Zoophile Films International approached us. I signed on for a three-picture deal; Penny opted to finish the seventh grade.

HUSTLER: Where is Penny now?

CORKY: Back home. She runs an awardwinning kennel, all by herself.

HUSTLER: What about other human relations? Talk about some of your co-stars.

CORKY: First, let me just say that every bitch I've worked with has been a real rubber chew toy-or, in your terms, a doll. Some of the foreign girls-especially the hairless ones-seem overwhelmed at first when my long, sticky puppole springs forth, but I'm proud of the way I ease them through the rough spots. All it takes is a soft paw and a tender tongue. You know, if I'm man's best friend, then I must be a quivering teenage girl from Thailand's dream come true.

Undoubtedly, the best sex that I've had onscreen so far was in a terribly titled French production, Pardon Mon Aff-airedale. I did an anal segment with this Parisian art student, Froghixa, that I thought would uncurl my fur!

HUSTLER: Have you ever been privately involved with anyone in the industry?

CORKY: I lived with Holotta Hosebagge for an entire shedding season. We met on the set of Rex Ream, and really hit it off. She was a great gal from Amsterdam who certainly enjoyed all those civil liberties that are unique to my country. She OD'd last year at a "Kill the Pope" rally held in a nursery school/whorehouse—a true Dutch patriot's demise.

HUSTLER: What's the truth about you and Madonna?

CORKY: Madonna's nice, but she stinks. Literally. She contacted me to pose for her Sex book. I even flew out to the set. But bear in mind that a dog's sense of smell is 1 to 7 million times stronger than a human's; so one whiff of Madonna and...forget it.

HUSTLER: And what does the future hold for Corky?

CORKY: Weak hind legs, bloody stools and a trip to the vet for a nice, long nap. [Laughs uproariously.] But seriously, I don't know what tomorrow will bring, and so long as it doesn't involve LaToya Jackson, I'm sure I'll be happy

HUSTLER: Your English is impeccable. Why hasn't more of a big deal been made over the fact that you can talk?

CORKY: Well, you've seen me fuck, right? 'Nuff said!



"Some call me 'lucky dog.' Ha! The truth is I work like a dog: Sit! Beg! Come on that bitch's face!'



"Everyone in Amsterdam is stoned. That's why we look like this. How lucky we are to be so free!"



"Traveling abroad is tough. Most restaurants won't serve me unless I drag some blind bastard around."

tremendous grasp of the dick's deepest desires. Well done! outlined in every HUSTLER pictorial. Those who chose neither, opting to utilize the penis puppet on page 9, displayed a Here are the answers to the page 6 Prick Teaser: Choosing A or B signifies a complete disregard for proper dick discretion as



OFFER EXPIRES JULY 14, 1995

It's Shoshanna Time!



Be the First to Bed Seinfeld's Breasty Teen Ex and Win Free HUSTLER for Life!

TV funnyman Jerry Seinfeld and his titanic-titted 19year-old girlfriend, Shoshanna Lonnstein, have called it quits after two years of club-hopping, name-dropping, mink-shopping fun.

Done in by "lifestyle differences," the split leaves Seinfeld free to pursue the countless chippies charmed by his donkey-face savoir faire, but more importantly, it puts mega-jugged Shoshanna up for grabs—and, oh, what she's got to grab!

Attention all jug-hungry, HUSTLER-reading horndogs: Find Shoshanna. Feel Shoshanna. And if you survive that glorious sensory overload, fuck the Seinfeld clean out of Shoshanna's Manischewitz-fed system, and don't forget to send America's

Magazine evidence of your derring-do.

The lucky entrant who mails in conclusive, irrefutable remnants of post-Bat Mitzvah bliss with the top-heaviest UCLA coed will win a free lifetime subscription to HUSTLER Magazine.

Pilfer Shoshanna's panties, and send them to us for DNA snailtrack testing. Make a

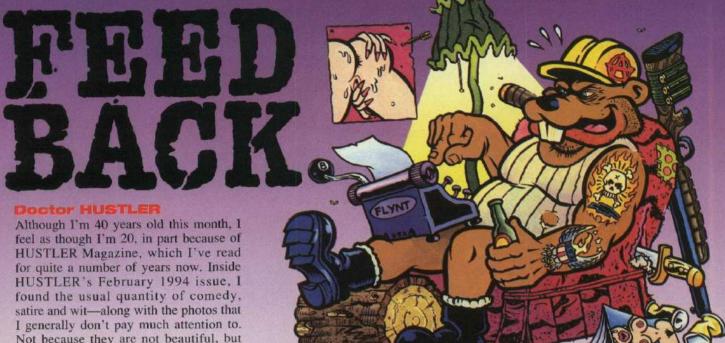


mountainous plaster cast of Shoshanna's heart-stopping mams. Videotape Shoshanna naked. Please videotape Shoshanna naked.

Send proof of poking to the address below. Being the first post-Seinfeld prick to have sex with Shoshanna Lonnstein doesn't merely mean a temporary exodus into the temple of erotic bliss, it means a lifetime enjoyment of HUSTLER Magazine, the Talmud of all things tits and ass.

I Shagged Shoshanna First!

shanna's post-Seinfeld pussy was to my cock what a napkin-wrapped glass is to the groom's foot at a
vish wedding. I fucked the Funnyman so far out of Shoshanna's tender brisket, that when we were done, she n't want to talk about <i>nothing</i> .
e's how I'll show what went down:
ase send HUSTLER, forever, to the following:
Name
Address
haps, if I recover one day from witnessing the twin faces of God pop out of a Bloomingdale's brassiere, I'll
around to reading my 70-year pile-up of your fine publication



Not because they are not beautiful, but because I previously thought I was gay. Thumbing through the February book, I came across Swimming Hole, and a woman who calls herself Sharen (Sharen: Swimming Hole, February '94). I never thought I would find myself turned on by any woman physically; yet Sharen's pristine beauty and that of her pussy, nearly hairless and dashingly spectacular, completely blew my mind. Thanks to you, HUSTLER, I have discovered that vaginas can be beautiful and varied, just as I formerly felt men's organs were. I'll never be the same after seeing Sharen, whose photos are never far from hand.

Phoenix, Arizona

-G. R.

Straightening out life's little kinks is a HUSTLER specialty, G. R. Too bad you found America's Magazine so late in life. Anyone else suffering from sexual confusion had better turn to HUSTLER's girl sets right away. Time's a-wastin'!

Thank you, HUSTLER, for opening up a

whole new world for me.

Other Reader's Holes

I'm writing in reference to a letter I read in HUSTLER's Hot Letters ("Browneye Girl," Hot Letters, January '95). Being an anal-sex fanatic. I can understand what M. J. from Butte, Montana, was talking about.

I am a 29-year-old male in love with giving-and getting-anal sex. It isn't easy finding a woman who is as kinky as I am, but I have found enough of these sublimely special ladies to keep me and my hungry dumphole satisfied. I'm not gay. Anal sex just happens to be one of the better things I've found in life. In my opinion, no woman is more appealing or sexy than when she is wearing a big rubber strap-on-especially when I know it's meant for me.

I can't describe the magical joy of giving an attractive woman a nice, warm enema and letting her shit all over me. When she's all cleaned out and ready to be probed, I enter her butt with assorted toys until she's ready for my cock. After a good ass-ramming, I stuff my tongue inside her bung and eat her till her berry puckers.

After that (hang onto your hats), I turn out on the receiving end. Many men wish their women would let them fuck their asses, but few men open their own asses

-T. M. stuffed up your ass. Thomaston, Connecticut Like they say, T. M., what goes up must come down. Brace yourself for the following shocker. And practice clenching.

to their women. I don't expect any woman

to do anything for me that I'm not willing

to do for her in return. What's good for

the goose's ass is good for the gander's.

I'm glad M. J .- the "Browneye Girl"-

loves it in the ass. I hope she finds a man

with whom she can share the heady thrills

of anal sex on a regular basis. Those of us

who engage in anal festivities know that

nothing beats the feeling of something big



America abreast of pressing health concerns, but I have yet to see an article on fecal incontinence, which afflicts at least two million Americans. Fecal incontinence-the unpreventable discharge of bodily waste from the anus at anytime and anywhere-can be devastating. Inability to control the time and place when fecal matter or gas is expelled can lead to premature retirement, solitary living and profound loss of self-esteem. People may give up hobbies, outings and sex, while lack of bowel control is the single largest reason that elderly people enter nursing homes. Please, HUSTLER, alert the world to this problem and ease the alienation of its victims.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (continued on page 17)



Sharen: Swimming Hole

HUSTLER APRIL





Nun

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Ad Parody. Not to be taken any more seriously than those companies that promote gender bending.

Gutter!

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To advertise call: 310-289-3185



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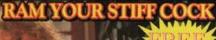
These girls are wet & ready and they need YOUR hard cock to satisfy their hot dripping pussies.

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These girls suck cock & drink cum! 10509-1-5,14-851-1689



Dial 105091 followed by





Nympho Nurses

Pull back our sterile white uniforms and spread our garter-belted legs, then





Tired of boring phone talk? Try a WILD foreign fox for something totally DIFFERENT!

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

Assholes Lacking Control

I am sending this letter to you through airmail post to say that I am loving a girl. She is very beautiful. I am 26 years old. She is 22 years old. I am like her very much. Sometime she stay at our home in the night and sleep with me in one bed at night. I will kiss her and massage her in the night nicely. But one think she won't give-the chance to fuck her. When I ask her, she tell me she is very afraid to fuck. She only allowing me to kiss and massage only. But not to fuck when I call her to fuck. That's the problem with her and me. One day I tell her shall I faint you and fuck you? She tell me all right, first faint me and after fuck me. So HUSTLER, I am needing some faint medicine. If you have some faint medicine please let me know. It is very help me to enjoy with my girlfriend in the night. I am waiting -I. F. for your quick reply.

Democratic People's Republic of Sri Lanka

HUSTLER's January 1994 issue carries an ad selling "knock-out" pills that a man can use to "do anything he likes to a woman." "She'll never know you used it," says the ad. This only gives validation to people who claim HUSTLER is hateful toward women. HUSTLER, please don't take on the appearance of all the other irresponsible men's magazines. If you continue to publish such ads, I will no longer purchase your magazine. —L. D.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Attention, readers: HUSTLER men who wish to knock out their ladies do it the old-fashioned way—with gentlemanly charm. Knockout drops are for prison-bound losers.

Other Pages, Other Ads

My complaint is about all the phone-sex ads in HUSTLER. I'm sick of phone-sex ads. What I want to see are video phone-sex ads. There can't be any technical or financial reason why video phone sex can't be invented. There would be some big money in it. I know I would pay for it. Maybe it's just a dream, and a pipe dream at that. But if enough people demand video phone sex, it would happen, wouldn't it?

—P. J.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

As they say, P. J., if you make it, they will come. However, if you make it video

phone sex, they will wonder what the fuck that means.

Mars Over Miami

It said in the Bible that HUSTLER readers are not interested in whether a man wears his trousers straight or rolled. Perhaps mermaids might interest them? If so, please reply. If not, you may meet some personally.

—Professor Johnson Miami, Florida

Girls On Their Knees

Regarding Tabitha and Bashara (Tabitha and Bashara: Scored Straight, November '94): I feel that you are on the right track, but could do better. I love the thought of two Catholic schoolgirls doing each other-but in Australia, in the fucking outback? I think it would have been much hotter to see two sweet Christian cunts in a church setting, or in one of the girl's bedrooms with a cross over her head. The girls could give in to sinful whims, yet still remain true to their faith by using the tools of their religion (i. e., a crucifix and rosary beads) on each other. They try to hold back their snickers and giggles, but can't, as they wilfully sin together. This would make an interesting pictorial for Easter.

—A Freaking Catholic South Suburban, Illinois **Homemaker Highlight**

Hi, guys! I'm a 31-year-old housewife who's got a question for this married couple's favorite and most exciting bedroom magazine. Is there a place—book or other—to get a listing of adult movie performers' fan clubs or other addresses to send comments to? Please, let us know!

—M. F.

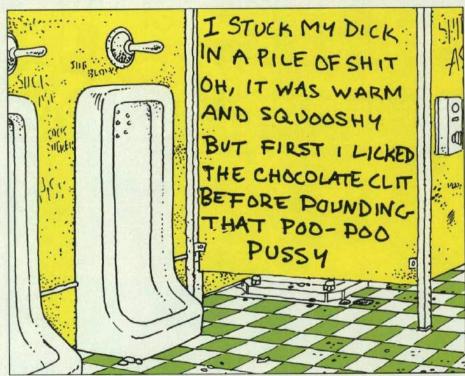
Grover Beach, California

Say, M. F.—you don't have to only read America's Magazine, you can be part of the excitement! Entering Beaver Hunt's Grand Prize Competition is easy and fun. Turn to page 125 for details. In the meantime, write our Subscriptions Department for information about HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE, which periodically lists fanclub addresses for the hottest blue-screen performers.

A Hand for Holly

I had to write and say how much I enjoyed HUSTLER's pictorial of Holly (Holly: Force of Nature, January '95). Holly is absolutely one of the top five most beautiful women I have ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes on—if not the most beautiful. Everything about her is absolutely breathtaking. I (continued on page 25)

GRAFFILMY



\$50 TO JOHN "FLUSH-FLUSH" BAUGHMAN

TO PLACE YOUR AD CALL 415-267-3014. AMATEURS ONLY PLEASE. (...& boys too!) so furthing horny! Le me suck your stiff rod until you cum all over my face! My juicy slit needs Stuff my cunt &

our hard throbbins ick. Phone fuck

106580-416-297-4430

106580-416-609-5824 1-315-425-8784

asshole with anything

you want, while I whip your dick into a frenzy

Cock hungry sisters will swallow your load!

0-416-609-5828

I suck cocks!

106580-416-609-5856

I love to have my hard nipples squeezed and be finger fucked in the cunt & ass!

1-503-248-5896 106580-416-297-4439 106580-416-609-5826

I want to be SIAN SLI



REALLIERS

To HUSTLER fans everywhere, this contest was a dream-come-true. In January, we launched a nationwide search for three guys who represented a cross section of our audience. This trio of HUSTLER readers was paid to dwell in a state-of-the-art condo for one month,

with three liberated gals, while we monitored their behavior. More than fun, this event had scientific import. Watch what happened between January 10 and February 10, 1995, when six people dropped their differences and their trousers, and got fucking real.

OUR GIRLS

Rosalyn



A 23-year-old nuclear physicist.

Nancy

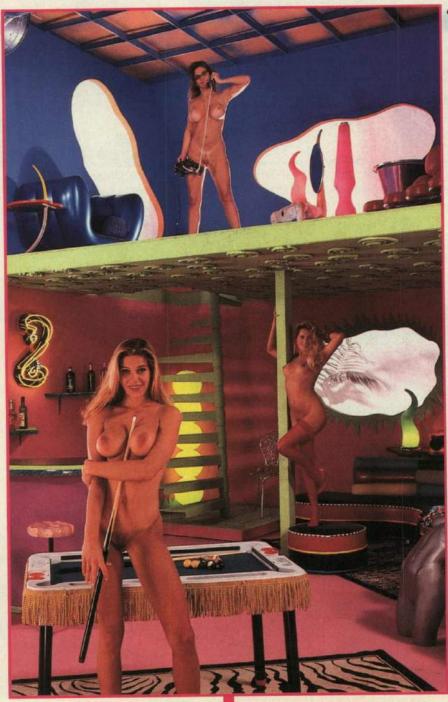


A 22-year-old brain surgeon.

Hillary



A fucking 19-year-old slut.



THE WINNERS

Pud



A 19-year-old pogo-stick champion from Venice, California. A party hound, he won our selection committee's heart with his credo, "Too many pussies, too little time."

Olmos

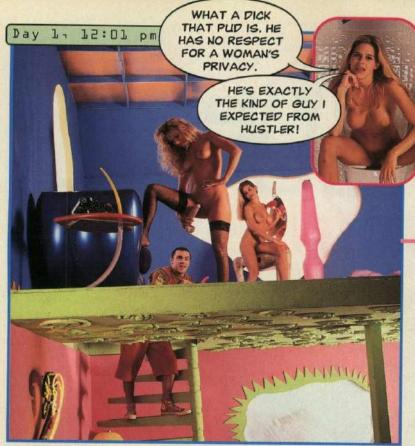


A 22-year-old day laborer from Alamogordo, New Mexico. Born with ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder), Olmos couldn't remember what or why he had won. A little pussy later, he no longer cared.

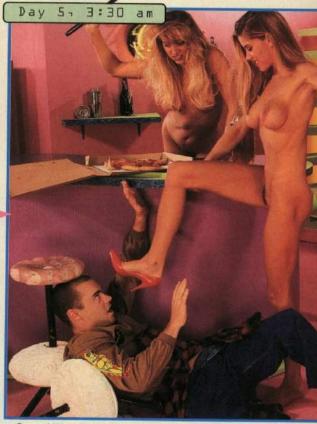
Stephen



A 24-year-old political activist from Bronxville, New York, who has fought for racial equality and feminist rights. He wanted to be part of this experiment only to enlighten others. He brought along his cat, Mushtiki.

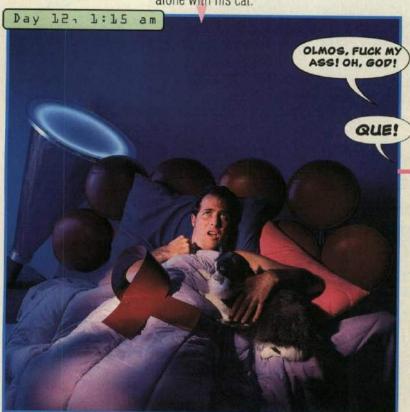


Only one minute had passed, and already conflict ensued. While the other guys slept off their jet lag, Pud spied on Rosalyn and Hillary. The girls, naturally, were upset.



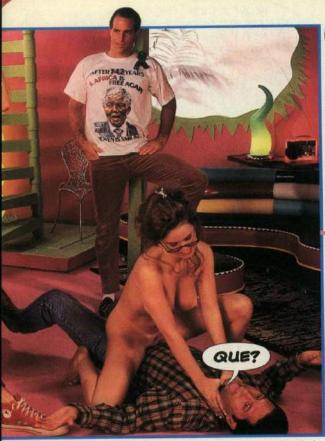
One of life's little biological oddities: Girls who live together get their periods at the same time. This simultaneous PMS nightmare disturbed the peace

By this time, some couples had taken their relationships to deeper places. A frightened Stephen, however, spent many sleepless nights alone with his cat.



Hell hath no fury like a woman whose vibrator has been destroyed. When the group was accused of





of the house for all except Stephen, who applauded the women for "fighting back against centuries of subversion."

HOW MANY TIMES POI HAVE TO TELL YOU? YOU HAVE TO USE THE CHEVRON STATION ON MAIN STREET!

ONCE I GOT OVER MY PERIOD, I GREW ATTRACTED TO OLMOS AND THE BRAVE WAY HE HANDLES HIS A.D.D.

QUE?

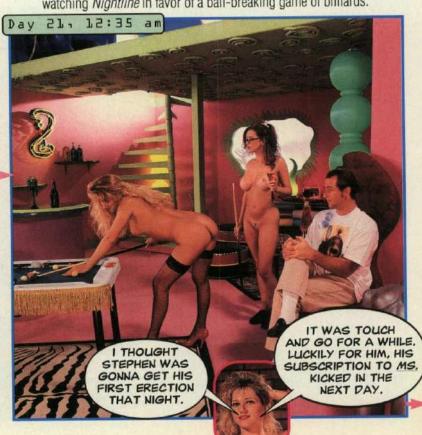
ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES IT WAS THE REST OF US WHO HAD TO BE BRAVE.

The one drawback of the condo: It had no bathroom, a problem in light of Olmos's Attention Deficit Disorder.

thrashing Hillary's best friend, a pussy-sized rift opened within the ranks.



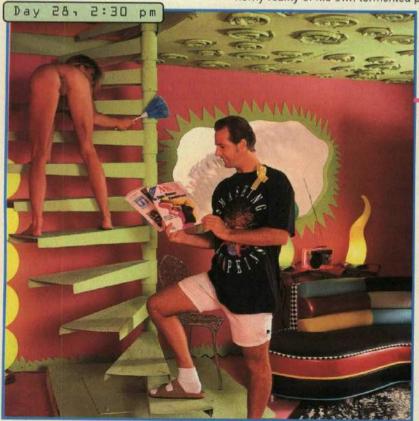
The strain of a politically correct, non-sexual agenda was taking its toll on Stephen. On the 21st night, the feminist dude abandoned his routine of watching *Nightline* in favor of a ball-breaking game of billiards.

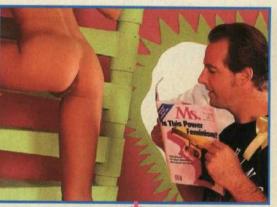




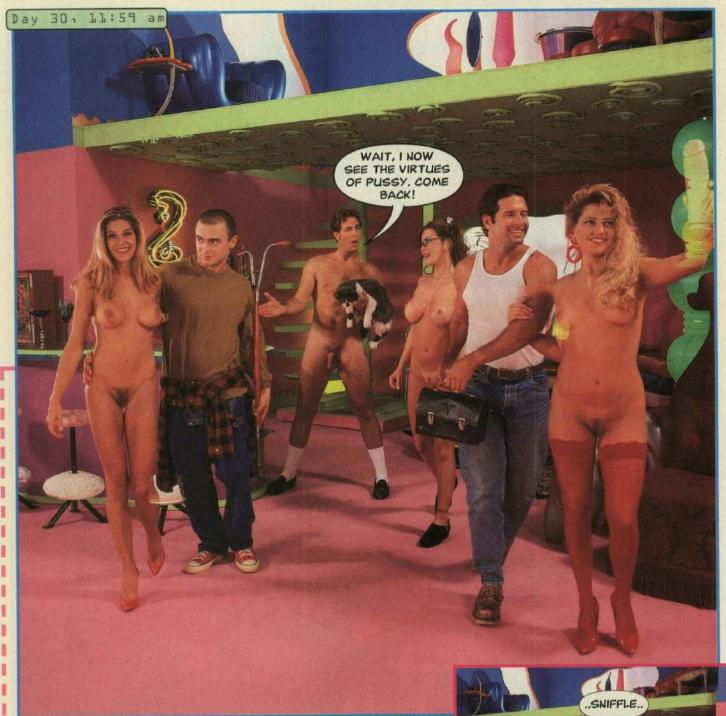
Of course, others were using their erections as a means to a softer end. Pud had clearly won the ladies over with his relentless technique.

As the monthlong experiment neared completion, Stephen experienced an accidental rear-end collision and came face-to-face with the horny reality of his own tormented priggishness.









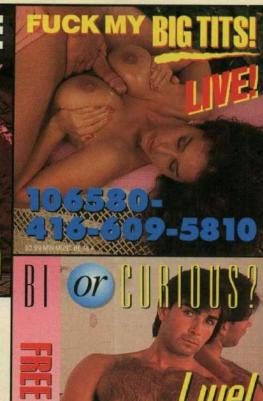
As the Real World drew to a close, most of the participants reveled in their new friendships and in a greater understanding of the opposite sex. Stephen had finally shed his convictions along with his Dockers. One look at his dick, however, spurred Nancy to comment, "Too little, too late."

HUSTLER'S REAL WIRLD



Naked and alone, Stephen saw the light just as the electricity was cut off on the condo. In the end, he learned that pussy waits for no man. And no man should wait for it.





EAVESDROP on L/V=/
Sphone S=X calls!
011-592-597-897

Live!
1-212-332-9853





FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

would especially like to compliment two of her most outstanding features. First of all, her hair is stunning. To me, there is nothing finer than a woman's long, flowing, ebony locks. I'd love to run my fingers through Holly's tresses and breathe in her fragrance. Second to that is Holly's beautiful bald mound. What I wouldn't give to slide between those beautiful labes. Never in my life have I seen a more natural-looking bald pussy. Thanks, Holly, and thank you, HUSTLER.

—J. M.

Concord, North Carolina

Thinking Hard

I'm a regular reader of HUSTLER and many other men's magazines. I would like to offer some suggestions to make HUSTLER even better. Show lots of outdoor photos of gorgeous young things sweating and applying oil in the hot sun, wearing bikinis so small that they are illegal in public. Show an occasional blonde without shaved legs. Put gorgeous bare feet right up to puffy pink poons. Plus full body photos of babes looking into the camera with that "do me now" look. Babes flashing in public. Cum dripping off their faces and tongues. Fingers going in and out of their pussies. Lots of honeys poking and stroking it. -P. M. Orlando, Florida

Glad you got a load off, P. M. But did you have to stick it in the mail?

Will Work For Freedom

Hi! I'm writing from the fascist police state of Canada! I sure hope that this letter makes it past the assholes at the border of this lame country. I'm writing this specifically to complain about HUSTLER's most disappointing issue ever-December 1994. Why was it disappointing? Because Canadian censors blocked the pregnancy layout (Kelly: Knocked-Up Knockout, November '94 domestic edition). The issue prior to that had the last page-with Coming Next-inked out. My Nazi-like government insists on protecting me from such horrible erotic imagery. What the hell kind of prudish, backward-ass country allows pictures of tits and cunts, but prohibits layouts of women when they're at their most alluringly sensual, in other words, knocked up? Americans! Be proud of your freedoms! Stand up for the Constitution whenever you can! Don't end up like Canada, with puritans and assholes living to squander your rights. By the way, HUSTLER, I'm a hardworking, talented young artist/cartoonist/photographer. Any job openings for a hardworking, freedom-yearning, green-card-seeking wannabe Yankee?

—D. R.

Ontario, Canada

Sorry, D. R. HUSTLER hires perverts, pimps, lechers, pricks, assholes, sons-of-bitches, shitheels, dickheads, goof-offs and the occasional dork, but we draw the line at ex-Canadians. Unless you bring a mop. Have you ever heard of fecal incontinence?

Who's Counting?

There is only one word that describes heaven on earth, and that word is HUSTLER Magazine. I've got a lovely wife and two kids, but the joy they bring pales in comparison. Keep rocking, HUSTLER!

—J. M.

Fullerton, California

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

so young they're barely legal!









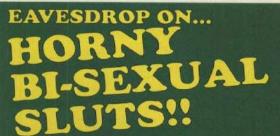


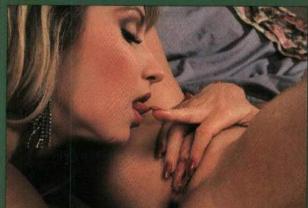




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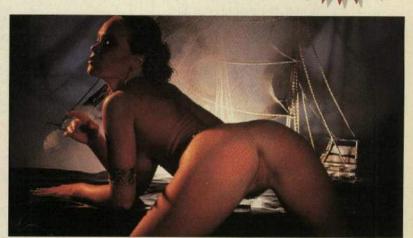


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COSTA RICA STUDIES

Fully Erect. Directed by Stuart English; starring Vanessa Chase, Sally Layd, Bridgette Amie, Zara Que, Brittany O'Connell, Whitney Banks, Sean Michaels, T. I. Boy, Tim Lake, Jon Dough, Joey Verducci and Michael J. Cox. Videocassette: Private Video.

Private Video, long renowned for its exquisite European flesh epics, utilizes first-rate Yankee wank-stars in *Costa Rica Studies*, and the result is a sublime entry into the international pantheon of eros. Sally Layd leads a busload of lovelies on a tropical get-away, where their every girl-hole is double- and triple-nailed repeatedly in a nonstop series of mesmerizing sex junkets. Layd literally bends over backward—availing her bowels to Tim Lake's boffer—in the tape's first great (and only one-to-one) fuck

match, after which the lush island landscape ignites with a *carnivale* of camal abandon featuring barroom gang-bangs, multi-partner poke-fests amid the pounding surf, and serpent-dick Sean Michaels snaking Whitney Banks and gorgeous Vanessa Chase in a balmy green grotto. Every woman in *Costa Rica Studies* is elegant, appealing and anally enthusiastic; their pole-givers are thoroughly professional. Stunningly shot and enchantingly executed, *Studies* is a primer in grade-A porn.

—*Selwyn Harris*



Costa Rica: There's more than sand in that crack.



Costa Rica: Chase and Lake take in some local color.

BLONDAGE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Toni English; starring Janine, Julia Ann, Leena, Asia Carrera, Dyanna Lauren, Melanie Moore, Steve Drake, Tom Byron and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Vivid.

Question: What did the blonde do when she became a porn star? Answer: She didn't do dick. It ain't funny; it ain't cool. A supporting actress who only sucks snatch and opens her labes for the tongue of a lady is a marginally acceptable thing. A top-billed, box-office star slut who draws the line at anything male? The concept does not compute, but that's the reality of Janine in Blondage. Janine and Julia Ann are stripper partners who do a tandem floor show. They pretend to fuck while onstage in front of a strip-bar crowd, but that's just for show. Their real passions are only released backstage, away from the prying eyes of the paying customers. But wait! This whole performance is being filmed, as part of a porn flick. Does that mean the bundle of blondes is faking it backstage too? If so, when does the open, overt fake cross over to the sneaky, covert fake? Something other than such questions should arise during the viewing of sploage cinema.

--- Christian Shapiro



Blondage: Pay no attention—Janine's not interested in you.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR MOOREHEAD

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Rebecca Wild, Shelby Stevens, Brittany O'Connell, Barbara Doll, Tera Hart, Buck Adams, T. T. Boy, Mike Horner and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Sin City.

Stuart Canterbury's sex-in-the-service farce *The Adventures of Major Moorehead* doesn't boast any more substance than a standard government-issue VD film, but the game cast of cooze-commandos provides a generally ball-pleasing bivouac. Man-at-arms T. T. Boy bangs bubble-assed Brittany O'Connell on a picnic blanket; frenchy Barbara Doll offers no resistance to fuck-bent Joey Silvera's staircase come-on; Mike Horner, as Major Moorehead, blasts Tera Hart's flesh-bunkers with his major hard-on; enlisted dyke Shelby Stevens complies with the Armed Forces' "don't ask-don't tell" policy by putting her mouth to work on O'Connell; and Buck Adams makes a mess hall of Rebecca Wild's booty before just plain making a mess on her face. *Major Moorehead* won't win a citation for pornographic valor, but the public's many strokes of approval should provide perfectly honorable salute.



Major Moorehead: Doll and Silvera, being all that they can be.

SODOMANIA 9: DOING TIME

Fully Erect. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Heather Lee, Tiffany Mynx, Krysti Lynn, Vanessa Chase, Tara, Adrianna, Michaela, Roscoe Bowltree, Cody Adams, Cesar, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Mark Davis and Guy DaSilva. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

The works of spurt director Patrick Collins are welcome additions to XXX video decks everywhere. Getting tired of Patrick Collins flicks, at this point, would be tantamount to getting tired of having orgasms. Look at Sodomania 9 alone: Hitchhiking slink slit Tiffany Mynx gets picked up by a dude and his bitch. The couple takes Mynx to a deserted garage, where each chick first indulges in an open-view pussy douche, after which big dildos squeeze into little sphincter rings, a gloved hand slides into Mynx's slot, the dude eats butt, gets blown, bones anally, drops a load on his broad's rear cheeks and watches as Mynx licks the jizz off. Next, cherubic and stacked Vanessa Chase is willingly molested by the seldom-seen Roscoe Bowltree; for the most part only his dick and spuzz show as Chase sucks it onto her face. Follow up with scintillating, sticky group sex, a voyeuristic schoolgirl-blowjob clip and a three-dick grudge porking of a saucy slut with a chip up her ass. Doing Time is the right way to do it. —C. S.



Sodomania 9: Krysti Lynn and some conjugal cons.



MELLON MAN

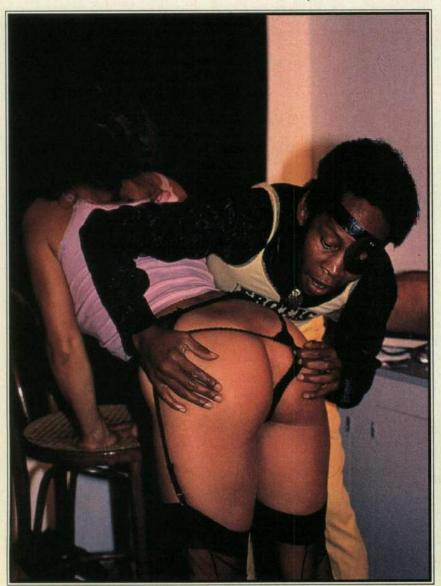
One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Bruno Aldente; starring Letha Weapons, Lynden Johnson, Lili Xene, Deanna Devlin, Sally Layd and three men who are not taking any credit for their work. Videocassette: Avica.

The very worst prospects of consumer-controlled technology are realized in low-ball dreck like *Mellon Man*: Now that any lame-o can get his or her hands on breast implants and/or video equipment, lameness is a guaranteed consequence. *Lame* kindly describes the bulk of *Mellon Man*'s mutilated-boobs-meet-crappy-camcorder content; in fact, only Lili Xene's inexplicable appeal in a lesbian toss-off with *ubber*-butch Deanna Devlin elevates the project from Totally Limp status. Ridiculously overtitted Letha Weapons is not without comic charm; too bad she is without a morsel of talent when it comes to performing sex on camera. Sally Layd does okay getting dicked up the ass, but Lynden Johnson's major contribution to porn continues to be jokes about her name. *Mellon Man* rots.



Mellon Man: Layd spreads for anonymous head.

GOODBYE, MR. STICKS



Jack Baker, the remarkable black character actor and porn stud, died of cancer on November 13, 1994, at Los Angeles County Hospital. He was 47.

Baker left an indelible impression on adult cinema via his work in such notorious mid'80s Dark Brothers opuses as Let Me Tell You About White Chicks and New Wave Hookers.
For his portrayal of the satanic hustler called Negro in the Darks' Devil in Miss Jones 3 and 4, Baker garnered a number of critics' awards.

Unbeknownst to most XXX fans is Baker's Generation X icon status: the musically gifted performer played Sticks, the drummer in Richie Cunningham's band, on several socially conscious episodes of *Happy Days*. Also memorable was Baker's comical bout with premature ejaculation in *The Kentucky Fried Movie*.

HUSTLER extends its condolences to Mr. Baker's family and posse.



29



Dough puts the cream in Doll's French pastry.

FRENCH DOLL

Half Erect. Directed by M. Stone; starring Barbara Doll, Jon Dough, Marc Wallice, Peter North and Diamond. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.

Barbara Doll is the froggy cock toy of French Doll. Barbara's not the youngest slot on the block, and her tits are not exactly stand-up dugs, but they are real and full of erotic potency, just like the lady who shakes them. Doll is an agile cocksucker and an ardent fuck; her greed for dick shows in her battered pussy lips. Her sleazy Euro accent, fuzzy box, old world know-how and genuine feel for the game of gobbling and humping have earned Barbara Doll this three-scene tribute tape. She squats right down and buries Ion Dough's bone in her ass, then takes his jolt of jizz in the mug. She pours a pitcher of milk along the contours of platinum blond Diamond and laps snatch like a cat licking up moo-juice and tuna. Peter North and Marc Wallice divide her holes and unite to grease her grin from eyes to chin. Hope French Doll gets her green card.

The 1995 HUSTLER Erotic Video Awards

Select the Best in Sin-Tape Sex

Fans of erotic video know what goes and what blows when it comes to fuck-movie heat.

Here's an opportunity to inform the makers of adult films exactly where they stand.

Look back at the past year in nasty videos and single out the most noteworthy qualifiers in the following categories:

-- Best Director -- Best Girl/Girl -- Best Starlet -- Best Stud -- Most Welcome Newcomer -- Best Video Series -- Best Shot-on-Film Production -- Biggest Disappointment -- In 1995, I would like to see more of the following:

Send responses to: HUSTLER '95 Awards, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Entrants who include their name and address will qualify to win a free HUSTLER T-shirt.

Results will be published in an upcoming edition of HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment.

30



EXTREME SEX PART ONE: THE CLUB

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Toni English; starring Dyanna Lauren, Rebecca Bardoux, Chayse Manhattan, Tammi Ann, Bionca, Tom Byron, Brad Armstrong, Sean Michaels and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Vivid.

The box copy of Extreme Sex promises hot wax, interracial anal, shaving, foot worship and "a brisk spanking for good measure." For the most part, these goods are delivered in good enough measure. Though Extreme's kink is more stylized and fashionably fetishistic than filthy, menacing and depraved, the fast-paced, savory servings of sex with extra spice do get the wad done. Tom Byron spanks and paddles tiny-tit blond moptop Tammi Ann, opens her butt crack and eats pussy as her poop button peeks and winks. Molten white wax congeals upon the mounds and crevices of curvaceous Dyanna Lauren like thick white icing on an angel food fuck cookie. Rebecca Bardoux's snatch flaps look big and full-blooded after a pubic shaving by Marc Wallice. A Latinatype redhead sucks the toes, hose and shoes of a pair of blondes then buries her tongue in their crinkle holes as they kiss. A latex-swaddled brunette welcomes Sean Michaels's big, black rod the wrong way into her shitter, an acceptably extreme ending to this course of sex.

—C. S.



FRANKENSTEIN

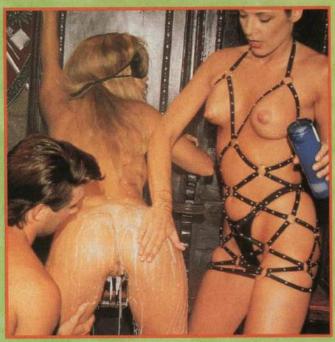
Half Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Buck Adams, Rebecca Wild, Felecia, Anna Malle, Brittany O'Connell, Lady Berlin, Tony Tedeschi, Steve Drake and Tony Martino. Videocassette: Sin City.

The main appeal of Buck Adams's Frankenstein is, of course, the anticipation of seeing Mr. Adams in the guise of a reanimated, pieced-together, something-other-than-human monster. Unfortunately, Buck forsakes a big Herman Munster-style freak in order to play a rich, farnous scientist who has everything, including a dead wife. He brings her back to life. As the resurrected snatch, booby blond Rebecca Wild is a cay dick licker, her supple skin lushly lit in warm, soft tones as Adams drills her on a daybed and her tits hang to the side, down by her ribs. Tony Tedeschi, Steve Drake and Tony Martino all portray learned men of science also, but that jarring improbability doesn't stop Brittany O'Connell from hopping on and humping Tedeschi, nor does it interfere with Drake and Martino going side-by-side to screw two facilitating floozies. Three girls pile up and ply pussy, and Adams again services Wild and her stand-alone breasts. Frankenstein is fine entertainment that would have benefited from being more monstrous.

—C. S.



Savage: Sanders slips into Sindee.



The Club: I don't think the cops recommend this one.



Frankenstein: Monster pussy!



THE SAVAGE

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Rebecca Wild, Sindee Cox, Brittany O'Connell, Kirsty Way, Felecia, Alex Sanders, Buck Adams, Tony Tedeschi, Damien Mischief and Wolf Savage, Videocassette: VCA. Alex Sanders is Zartan, titular hero of The Savage, a tree-dwelling jungle stud whose non-survival skills indicate that he must have been raised by some very horny animals. Sanders is discovered by lost heiress Rebecca Wild, whereupon he treats her to a spirited swing from his meat-vine. From there the plot, like the stroker, thickens: Pith-helmeted penis-wielders Tony Tedeschi and Damien Mischief, assigned to track the whereabouts of Wild, take a break to blaze trails in long-nippled Felecia's throbbing bush; Buck Adams dumps coconut milk on wonderbutt Brittany O'Connell; Wild and Kirsty Way niftily suck each other's nubs in a nature setting; and bright-eyed, mushy-boobed Sindee Cox spreads wide for the sperm-spear of savage Sanders. Forget chest-beating: This Savage makes good for adventurers —S. H. seeking to beat their meat.

31

HUSTLER APRIL



EX AFTER SEVEN

Half Erect. Directed by Layne Parker; starring Ashlyn Gere, Leena, Felecia, Sandy Beach, Alex Sanders, Marc Wallice, Tom Byron and Nick East. Videocassette: Vivid.

If porn power twats Ashlyn Gere and Leena had been given a little more moral direction as young girls, perhaps they would have grown up to become tuxedo-delivery ladies rather than blue-screen scum-garglers, but even as straight-job squares, they'd probably just be fucking all the clients anyway, which is the premise of Sex After Seven. Dropping off rented formal wear to Marc Wallice, Gere helps him get rid of that bulge beneath his cummerbund. With her lock-on sex stare and meat-vise lips, Ashyln's cocksucking hydraulics rival those of her boobs and butt. Leena likewise, with her dick-tweaked eyes and lithe lascivious limbs, crawls and climbs and cranks up choad. Blond Sandy Beach and Mexican spit clit Felecia round out the bimbage: Beach tongue duels with Gere as Tom Byron's gobs rain down, and Felecia lips slit and finger-pokes poop chute with Leena. Sex After Seven is standard, but a high standard.



Sex After Seven: Lean into that loin, Leena!



STAND-UP:

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Ron Jeremy, Jonathan Morgan, Steven St. Croix, Nina Hartley, Tom Byron, Bridgette Amie, T. T. Boy, Micky Lynn, Debi Diamond, Asia Carrera. Alex Sanders, Jessie, Chrissy Bello, Natasha Marie and five comics. Videocassette: VCA Platinum.

Porn dicks are not usually known for any talents other than an innate ability to insert and spurt, and The Stand-Up is unlikely to change that perception. Ron Jeremy's been a babbling tub of witless humor on-camera ever since he stopped shaving his back, and the producers of Stand-Up should realize that the Hedgehog's prattle is more deserving of a mute button than a showcase video. Jonathan Morgan, Steven St. Croix and Nina Hartley are potentially competent Toastmasters one and all, but any porn tape that has its fuckers spending as much time cracking jokes as they do juicing cracks is doomed to a One-Quarter Erect rating. Mixed in with its inane verbal profanities, this XXX vision of comedy-club horniness has several instances of mundane physical obscenity. Only T. T. Boy's fervent furrowing of Asia Carrera is anything to Stand-Up about. —C. S.



Stand-Up: Shut up and sit down!

TROKER'S GUID A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF

HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure (Evil Angel)

Anielica, Nita, Rocco Siffredi

Costa Rica Studies (Private Video)

Sally Layd, Zara Que, T. T. Boy

Gang Bang Girl 14 (Anabolic)

Vanessa Chase, Rebecca Lords,

Mark Davis

New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million, Jon Dough

Sodomania 9 (Elegant Angel)

Heather Lee, Tiffany Mynx, Roscoe Bowltree



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material

Bachelor Party 2 (Fantastic Pictures)

Sydney, Maeva, Blake Palmer

Everything Is Not Relative (Elegant Angel)

Shane Tyler, Katia, Joey Silvera Real Tickets (VCA)

> Keisha, Nicole London, Shawn Ricks

The Tommyknockers (Coast-to-Coast)

Tiffany Towers, Beatrice Valle, Mickey Ray

Wild Roomies (VCA)

Kelly Royce, Chayse Manhattan, Ian Daniels



HALF ERECT Standard fare, Has moments

The Breast Files (Avica)

Jasper, Rebecca Bardoux, Nick East Sister Snatch

(Snatch Productions)

Leena, Chante, Steven St. Croix

Stiff Competition 2 (Caballero Video)

> Samantha York, Pamela Dee, Gino Grand

Stripper Nurses (Plush Productions)

> Debi Diamond, Sahara Sands, Peter North

Video Virgins #13 (New Sensations)

Storr, Candy, Magnum D



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Ejacula: La Vampira (VCA)

Sandra Grey, Caroline Monroe, Ron Jeremy

R&R (VCA)

Tricia Yen, Victoria Andrews, Steve Drake



TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut (Leisure Time Video)

Jasmine Aloha, Letha Weapons, John Wayne Bobbitt

Margarita on the Rocks (Silver Foxx)

Traci Prince, Nicki Design, Jack Mann

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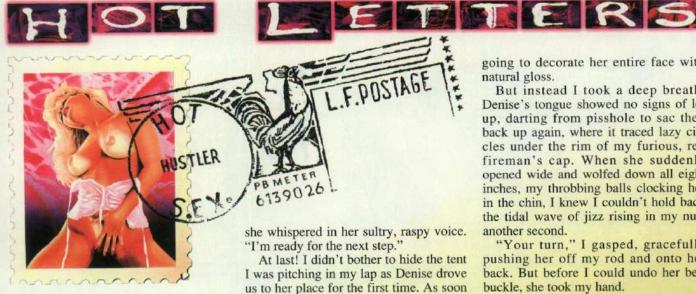












BOY HOWDY

I have a hard-and-fast dating rule: If a girl doesn't come across with some pussy after I've spent three weeks paying for dinner, taking her to Merchant Ivory movies and agreeing that, yes, that was the cutest thing I had ever heard of a cat doing, then she's history. Life's too short to waste on dykes who act like they have treasure buried in their twats. But I broke my own rule with Denise-for the first and last time.

I had been going out with her for more than a month, without even a stink finger for my efforts, but Denise was so beautiful, I didn't want to give up. She was as tall as I am, without heels, and had a luxurious, auburn mane that I was dying to yank from behind. Night after night, I went home to a fistful of petroleum jelly after tangling tongues with her for hours, maybe sneaking in an over-the-bra boob squeeze, if I was lucky. But at least I got off on the envious stares of other men when I paraded Denise around. Any guy who didn't get an instant woody around her had to be a fucking queer, as I told her many times.

One night, we were sitting in a halfempty movie theater, watching yet another "literary" snooze-fest, when Denise sighed happily and reached over to hold my hand. I was shocked at the weight of her paw, which I'd never felt before.

"You've got huge hands!" I blurted out before I could stop myself.

"What's wrong with that?" she demanded, turning to me angrily.

"N-nothing," I stammered.

Her face softened. To my astonishment, she slid her hand between my thighs and gave my dick a pat.

"You've been very patient, Frank,"

as we were in the door, I grabbed her by the shoulders and rammed my tongue down her throat, but she insisted on first fixing a couple of drinks.

While Denise was in the kitchen, I snooped around her apartment. It was almost bare, with none of the usual girl shit like dried flowers and candles. As I casually leafed through the pile of Details magazines on the coffee table, a driver's license fell to the floor.

My balls dropped like 50-pound weights. I stared with horror at the mustachioed version of Denise pictured on the license, which had been issued to a "Dennis." Those big hands! That throaty laugh! My stomach churning from the taste of Denise's lipstick, I ran to the kitchen to rinse my mouth out before I spewed popcorn and Milk Duds all over the couch, and I smacked right into her.

'Oh, good; you found my brother's license." She jerked it out of my hand. "Dennis and Denise," she chuckled. "Good thing my parents didn't have triplets, huh?

The wave of nausea subsided. I nodded weakly, feeling foolish. How could Denise be a man? Only nature could have created the high, round breasts filling out her cashmere turtleneck. I kissed her, chewing purposefully on her plump, soft lips. They were girl's lips, for sure.

Denise pressed her tits against my chest and snaked a hand down to my wang, which had swelled again.

"Mmmm! That gives me an appetite," she announced, getting down on her knees and freeing my monster. She licked a long, wet line up the tender underside of my cock and slipped the head into her mouth, greedily sucking the droplets of pre-cum to the surface and rubbing them over her lips like balm. My balls did a double axel. If I didn't tuck my tool into her pussy soon, I was going to decorate her entire face with natural gloss.

But instead I took a deep breath. Denise's tongue showed no signs of let up, darting from pisshole to sac then back up again, where it traced lazy circles under the rim of my furious, red fireman's cap. When she suddenly opened wide and wolfed down all eight inches, my throbbing balls clocking her in the chin, I knew I couldn't hold back the tidal wave of jizz rising in my nuts another second.

"Your turn," I gasped, gracefully pushing her off my rod and onto her back. But before I could undo her belt buckle, she took my hand.

"Wait," she pleaded. "Let's move to the bedroom."

While Denise got "ready" in the bathroom, I lay on her bed, stroking my boner and picturing it slicing into her pretty, pink cunthole, framed with (continued on page 43)



ERVERTS

THIS PAGE is restricted to the RAUNCHIEST XXX RATED advertisers ONLY!

WARNING: These services are **SO EXTREMELY EXPLICIT & HARD-CORE** they may be **OFFENSIVE TO SOME CALLERS & ARE PROHIBITED** from appearing elsewhere in the publication.









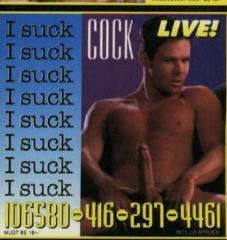


















XX-Men:

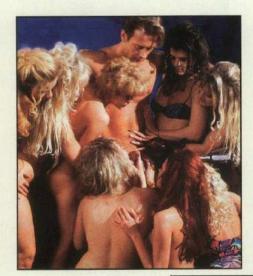
A PRETTY GIRL MAY BE NICE TO LOOK AT, BUT A WHACKABLE FUCK-FLICK REQUIRES A REAL MAN'S INPUT.

FEAR NOT. AMERICA'S
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ROCCO SIFFREDI

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"ROCCO SIFFREDI IS THE MICHAEL JORDAN OF PORN.
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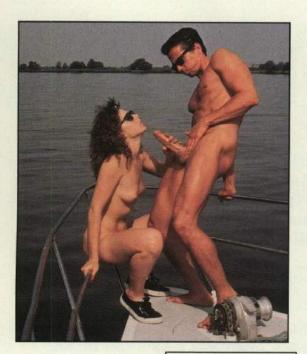
-JOHN STAGLIANO

JAMIE GILLIS

HANDSOME? NO. REFINED? NO. A GENTLEMAN? NO WAY. JAMIE GILLIS FUCKED DIRTY, LIKE A PIG, WITH THE RIBALD GLUTTONY OF A SWINE AND THE BALLS OF A WILD BOAR. HE RAGED A GANG-BANG'S WORTH OF FILTH IN HIS EVERY ONSCREEN COUPLING, ALWAYS SHADING HIS COITUS WITH A FAINT-BUT-MESMERIZING AIR OF HOSTILITY. A HARD TALENT WHO IS SORELY MISSED.

"AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T BREAK YOUR NOSE AND THEN COME IN YOUR EYE, JAMIE GILLIS IS A GREAT SEX PARTNER."
-LISA DELEEUW





PETER NORTH

IF SEMEN WERE DOLLARS, PETER NORTH'S TESTICULAR MINT WOULD BE PRICELESS. NO PORN MAN DELIVERS A DEEPER MONEY-SHOT THAN THIS LONG-SCREWING, HYPER-SPEWING, DECADE-PLUS VETERAN OF XXX. NORTH CHOCKS UP HIS GEYSER-LIKE CHOAD-LOADS TO PROPER DIET AND PLENTY OF PRACTICE.

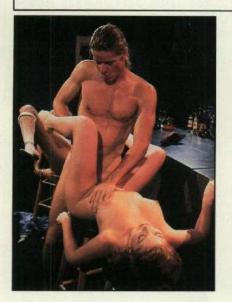
"ANTICIPATION OF THE FINALE IS WHAT MAKES FUCK-ING PETER NORTH SO INCREDIBLE. THE EXPLOSION OF SPERM THAT ERUPTS OUT OF PETER HAS TO BE LIVED!" THROUGH TO BE BELIEVED!" —DEBI DIAMOND

SEAN MICHAELS

COMBINING JUNGLE-FEVER SEX FINESSE WITH A DOWN-HOME DOSE OF GENTEEL CHARM, SEAN MICHAELS UPLIFTS THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE EVERY TIME HE HUNKERS DOWN WITH A HOLE. EQUAL PARTS SMILING ELEGANCE AND SLICKSTER SWAGGER, SEAN MICHAELS LAYS BABES IN A HOT, HIGHLY DIGNIFIED FASHION. HE'S ALSO GOT A DICK THAT TARZAN COULD SWING FROM TREE TO TREE ON.

"SEAN MICHAELS IS PURE CLASS. I DID MY FIRST DP SCENE WITH HIM, AND HE REALLY HELPED ME THROUGH IT. A LOT OF THE YOUNG ACTORS ARE JUST INTERESTED IN GETTING LAID; SEAN IS OUT FOR MAKING THE GIRLS FEEL GOOD, AND GIVING THE FANS EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT TO SEE."





ALEX SANDERS

-REBECCA BARDOUX

ALEX SANDERS IS YOUNG, THOROUGHLY PROFESSIONAL AND GRACED WITH THE HARD BODY AND HIGH-OCTANE FUCK PROWESS THAT RENDERS FEMALE LAPS MOLTEN. A SOLID, LIKABLE SINCERITY SETS LONGHAIR SANDERS APART FROM HIS GOOFBALL CONTEMPORARIES; HE'S A PARAGON OF ALL THAT'S BEST ABOUT THE MEN WHO LICK LABES AND POUND POON FOR A LIVING.

"THE FIRST THING YOU THINK WHEN YOU SEE ALEX SANDERS IS OH, SHIT-ANOTHER ROCKER BOY! THEN YOU TALK TO HIM, AND HE'S NICE; SO YOU GO, 'OH, SHIT-HE'S A HIPPIE!' THEN, FINALLY, WHEN YOU SHOOT THE SEX, HE'S FUCKIN' GREAT. THE GIRLS PRACTICALLY EAT HIM ALIVE, AND HE PLAYS THE SCENE PERFECTLY. I'LL WORK WITH HIM ANYTIME."

-GREG DARK



YOUNG TOM BYRON

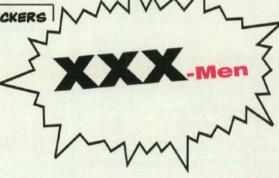
BABY-FACED, BOYISHLY AFFABLE TEENYBOFFER TOM BYRON, CIRCA 1984 TO 1986, ALWAYS CAME ACROSS FULLY WHEN NAILING SOME NEW-WAVE NUBILE. IN THE WANING DAYS OF PORN'S GOLDEN AGE, BYRON PROVIDED AN ONANISTIC ICON: A THRILLED-BEYOND-BELIEF KID, UP TO HIS STILL-WET EARS IN PUSSY, HAVING THE TIME OF HIS FUCKING LIFE.

"DOING TOM BYRON WAS THE GREATEST. BECAUSE WE COULD REALLY ACT LIKE KIDS. THE HOTTEST SCENES WITH TOM ALWAYS FELT LIKE SWEET, INNOCENT FUN. AND HE HAD ONE BIG DICK FOR SUCH A NICE LITTLE BOY!" -BUNNY BLEU



TWO SCARY FUCKERS

T. T. BOY BUCK ADAMS

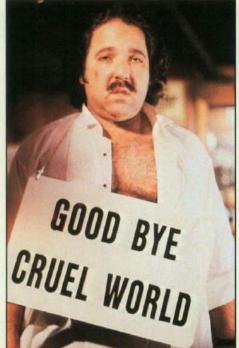








ED POWERS



JERRY BUTLER















All advertisers pre-screened to meet The Gutter's hardcore, XXX standards. All services intended for mature audiences over 18

Hot Letters My balls dropped like 50-pound weights. I stared with horror at the mustachioed version of Denise pictured on the license, which had been issued to a "Dennis."

golden-red curls to match her head. Denise's hand reached in from behind the door and clicked off the light.

"I'm kind of shy," she admitted. "I

hope you don't mind.

All I wanted at this point was to relieve my aching balls of their heavy load. When I felt her weight on the bed, I reached out in the darkness. A tube was thrust into my hands.

"I want you to fuck me right now," she demanded, getting on all fours. "In

the ass.'

This was more than I had hoped for! After greasing my pole, I spread open her smooth cheeks and, locating the tiny target with my thumb, maneuvered my tool into the tightest of holes. Her booty muscles clamped around my rod, sending shivers of pleasure to the pit of my stomach. I slowly worked my cock in and out of her clenched anus, a little at a time, massaging her quivering behind all the while to help her relax. Her sphincters finally slackened, and I slipped my entire prick into her butt pocket. Denise moaned, and her fragrant juices mingled with the store-bought lube, making her hole even slicker and allowing me to quicken my pace.

As I pumped her ass at full steam, I reached under and squeezed her firm, swinging breasts, then worked my way back to give her clitty a pinch. My hand

met a rigid ten inches.

"A pre-op!" I screamed, yanking my

wang out. "A pre-op!"

I ran around the room looking for my pants and frantically wiping butt scum off my dick, until I tripped over a cat and fell face-first on the floor.

Denise turned on the light. She collapsed in giggles.

"April Fools!" she screeched.

Above her dark-brown bush jutted a penis-shaped rubber dildo strapped to her waist.

"I fooled you!" she crowed.

"You sure did," I laughed, picking myself up. "That was a good one. Now take that thing off so we can finish our business."

Denise eagerly unstrapped her toy, got on all fours again and waved her glistening cunt in my face.

"I'm ready," she purred.
"So am I!" I declared, shoving the rough, unlubed dildo up her ass.

"Ee-yow!" she howled.

"This'll cool it off," I assured her, spraying splooge all over her raw butthole and splitting.

She wasn't even a natural redhead.

-F. W. Highland Park, Illinois

BABY-SITTER'S CLUB

My wife's in pretty good shape for 35 years old, and I love her, but after eight years of marriage, the thrill of dipping my dick into the same old pussy is gone. Still, I never seriously contemplated cheating on her until recently, when we hired a new baby-sitter.

Since Margie and I both work fulltime, we have to have someone watch the kids from the time school lets out until one of us gets home from work in the evening. When our last in a line of tinselteethed, 14-year-old sitters quit to join twirlers, we decided to hire an older, more responsible girl.

Jane, a college senior, was adorable, with bright, blue, unblinking eyes and springy, blond curls, and she flirted outrageously. It was obvious to me-and I think to Margie-that Jane had a big crush on me from the start. Margie is the naturally suspicious type; so even though nothing was going on between Jane and me, I made sure that Margie and I alternated nights driving Jane back to her dorm.

One night, it was my turn to take her, and I was feeling painfully horny. Margie had not doled out a fuck to me in weeks, and two months of patting Jane paternally on the shoulder and kissing her good night on the cheek had only exacerbated my eight-year itch. This particular evening, Jane was wearing a tiny, plaid schoolgirl skirt with thigh-high tights.

"That skirt is awfully short," I teased her nervously, my eyes glued to the

road ahead.

Jane didn't seem to hear, but twisted around to look behind, pulling her skirt up even higher. Glancing over, I caught a flash of pink cotton. I squeezed my legs together to hide the beginnings of a bulge in my trousers.

"Those headlights are very close." She turned to me, her blue eyes worried.

Swallowing, I pulled into the woods near her dorm, stopped the car and rested my forehead on the steering wheel.

"Jane." She jumped when I placed a cold hand on the smooth, white flesh above her tights. "I want to make love to you." I looked at her beseechingly as I slid my hand up her skirt.

"That isn't a good idea." She shook

her head.

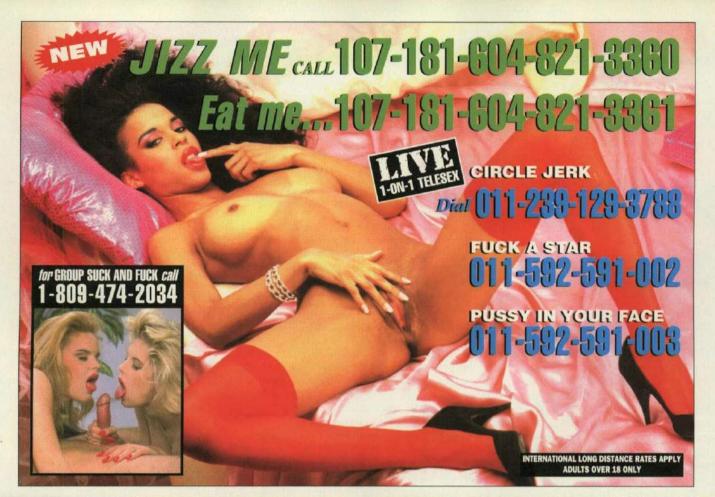
'You're not a virgin, are you?" I asked. My fingers reached a damp patch of panty.

"Practically," she nodded.

(continued on page 49)



"Hey! Pay attention!"





April Fools' Pranks for Millustrations by Thomas W. Cheney

Here it comes again: that wacky, once-a-year occasion when fuck-happy funsters forgo rubber sex toys in favor of rubber chickens, make whoopee to the music of whoopee cushions, and pose serious questions as to whose can Prince Albert is actually in.

This April Fools' Day, HUSTLER offers gagprone poke partners suggestions for boudoir jocularity guaranteed to split sides and blow wads alike.

So before trading in that Joy Jelly for a joy buzzer, check out this compendium of cornball carnality, as HUSTLER presents...













Hot Letters I unbuttoned her white blouse, revealing her braless, bouyant breasts. I rubbed my face all over the heavenly, soft mounds. Jane pushed my finger further into her hole.

"But I can tell you want me too," I whispered. I slipped a finger through a leg hole and buried my face in her neck, breathing in vanilla oil mixed with unwashed hair. Jane threw her head back. "You've thought about it, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," she sighed, as I ran a fingertip between her moist pussy lips, gently prying them open.

She bolted up. "What was that? I

heard footsteps.

"It was nothing," I assured her. With one hand still stroking her muff, I unbuttoned her white blouse with the other, revealing her braless, buoyant breasts. They took my breath away. I rubbed my face all over the heavenly, soft mounds, pausing only to snap at the delicate nipples. Jane shoved her hand into her sopping panties and pushed my finger further into her hole.

"Oh, eat my pussy," she begged.

Yanking her skirt down over her slim, boyish hips, I dove into Jane's tender cunt, lapping up the fresh, sweet oils. Her little, pink pearl sprang free when I brushed my lips against it, and I rapidly twirled my tongue around the sweet pea.

"A little slower," Jane directed. I complied. "Now to the left. THERE it is."

Her hips shot up in the air.

"Oh, God!" she wailed. "Where's your

She grabbed my jacket at the shoulders and pulled me up. "I want it in me RIGHT NOW."

What a little wildcat! My prick was about to jerk itself right out of the socket. I felt as though I were 19 again and would shoot my wad the minute my cock head brushed against her downy pubes. But luckily, with age come patience and

I spread Jane's thighs and inserted my pulsing wiener, easing it in and out of her tight twat, as softly as a kiss.

'Harder!" she ordered, her face contorted. "Ram that cock in me!"

I thrust my prick in up to the hilt, then pulled back out, leaving only the head in.

"Yah, yah!" Jane shouted. "More!" With Jane's limber arms and legs

wrapped around me, I slammed my tool in and out of her cunt, my heavy balls slapping against her round bottom like spanking hands.

Jane did a sudden flip, and I found myself underneath her. She pulled me to a sitting position, pushed me back against the seat and bounced up and down on my cock, twisting and pinching her nipples until they were bright pink.

"Yah, yah, yah, yah!"

My dick rumbled ominously. I was

about to whitewash Jane's walls, when I heard a loud banging on the window.

"I knew you were cheating on me!"

It was Margie. I was going to lose my kids, my house

"Margie, I '

She wasn't talking to me.

Jane climbed off my spent cock, her head down.

"You just had to find out for yourself what a dick feels like, didn't you?" Margie demanded. "Well?"

"I liked it," Jane asserted, lifting her

chin. "I like both of you. I don't want to have to choose."

Margie and I looked at each other. Only diplomacy and compromise can keep a marriage together for as long as ours. We've hired Jane as a live-in nanny to take care of the children during the dayand Margie and me at night. -P. B.

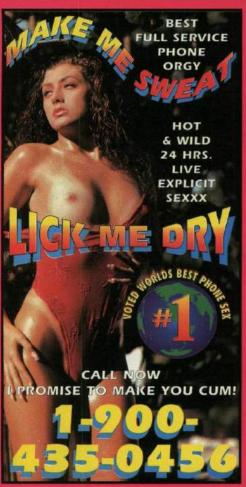
New Brunswick, New Jersey

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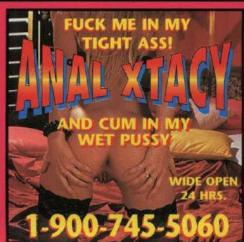














Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

The Mercy Fuck

Tossing One to the Luckless

by Alex Marvel -

Carla hasn't been able to get laid to save her life. It's been over three days. What could the problem be? Her period is coming on; so her breasts are particularly full and her hair has that stringy, clumped look that is so compellingly sluttish and has always worked so well for her in the past. Sure, there are a few pimples around her mouth that are vaguely reminiscent of herpes lesions, but the blemishes are deeply buried in a thick coat of foundation makeup that has cracked only slightly. Besides, with AIDS and nuclear proliferation, who gives a fuck about herpes anymore? On that note, things are looking up.

She met David at a Beth Shuva singles mixer earlier in the evening, and he has been trying to get rid of her politely ever since. She has tagged along with he and his friends to a casual deli dinner, and then followed David in his solitary pursuit to Big Jill's High Top Titty Bar.

"Imagine running into you here," Carla purrs ingeniously, wedging a thigh into her prey's flank as though being pressed from behind. David is scheduled to work at 7:45 in the a.m.; so he is denied the luxury of getting as drunk as Carla's vertigo-inducing crossed eyes and optically challenging hook beak require he be for enthusiastic pondering of her gamey center hole. Carla, however, has the day off tomorrow, and is inebriated

accordingly. She is pretty high and, when she gets pretty high, she thinks she's real pretty.

She does David the favor of inviting him back to her apartment. He really doesn't want to hurt the lady's feelings. Still, he can imagine the maudlin horrors that lurk within her home environment. Ever the diplomat, he compromises, accompanying her as far as the shadowy murk behind a large trash receptacle in the bar's parking lot. Carla is less than thrilled with the location; so David squires her to the backseat of his car.

Once he and the aroused but distressing damsel are ensconced in the vehicle's confines, David has committed himself. He must fuck her, and he knows it. No excuse to do otherwise will suffice.

Carla sinks into the bench seat, hiking up her skirt and spreading her legs in anticipation of David's first move. He leads with a finger. The poor goddamn woman, he thinks, knowing without even sniffing the digit that he is not putting his nose down there. He uses his imagination to picture the faces of girls he would like to fuck, all the while strumming Carla into a vaginal froth. Sure enough, up pops a hard-on.

David's cum-shot, however, isn't quite so automatic. He's forced to work for it, frantically. The object is to blow his wad before Carla's jarring facial tics deflate his erection entirely. As the car rocks and squeaks on its un-

lubed suspension, he grabs fistfuls of Carla's flesh, plunging, pulling and poking her in a panicked quest for orgasm, and release from his obligation to her.

Carla, enjoying David's fevered labors considerably more than he is, mistakes his desperate intensity for unbridled passion. She howls, she screams, she bucks and kicks her heels against the steamed windows. He hopes nobody looks over and sees him fucking this thing, but he doesn't let on what he's thinking.

Finally, the splooge arrives; Carla makes an event out of it, and David heaves the satisfied sigh that comes from knowing duty has been well done.

"God," guesses Carla, "you were really into it. I guess you haven't been getting much lately."

"You're a life saver," exhales David by rote. He holds the door open for her and recoils only slightly as she slips past. "Thanks," he says, grateful at her departure.

Carla tramps away from the car. She swivels toward the bar's back door, and the slink in her ass shows that her losing streak is behind her. All it took was a little (continued on page 55)



Illustration by Marc Bude

1911 hold make her You down lou ! Cream FUCK herl Pleasure! Dial all #'s for TOTAL Satisfaction! 0509-1-Forbidden SEX with FUCK Nympho Lesbos! Me HARD DEEP Scratch n' Sniff! Ram your cock into me! ADULTS ONLY MUST BE OVER 18 XXXPLICIT SEX ACTIONS

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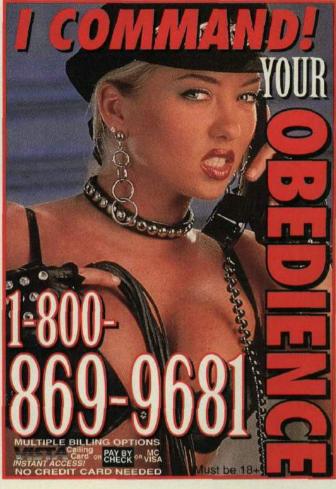
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11

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(continued from page 51) sex and sympathy, and she has been given a new lease on her libido.

And David? He chocks up another mercy fuck in his good-deeds bank. He's none too happy about the emission right now, but he hopes it will come back to bless him later.

The first known mercy fuck

was Eve, as presented by God to Adam, a divine gift of sexual comfort that resulted in all the rest of us being here. The moral of this Biblical parable is: There is no limit to the amount of good that one simple, small gesture of carnal kindness can do.

"The mercy fuck," pontificates former father Brendan P. Malarkey, a lapsed prelate who left the cloth to intimately attend the physical needs of the flock, "is a unique mixture of virtue and vice. We can, in effect, be naughty in order to be nice, and we should be. All human women are born with perfectly healthy wayward urges and needs. God has granted some men the power to bestow solace to the feminine soul, through the portal of her love hole. My ministry today is to make as many women happy as the Lord will allow. I believe that Jesus would have pursued the same path as I, had he lived a little longer."

Every man who has ever hit a dry patch in the pussy road has received a helping of commiserative cooze, or else needed one, but few of us consider paying back the cosmic loan of yoni. Johnson Howard, a student of mathematical probabilities, believes that being a giver makes him a better taker. "My family is religious," discloses Howard the Human Calculator. "They attempted to instill proper values in me as a kid, and I believe they were successful. One spiritual concept that they stressed was tithing, wherein they would pledge a certain percentage of their income to the less fortunates benefitted by the church's outreach program.

"Every time I see a homely, lonely chick, I remember the satisfaction tithing gave my parents. They used to say that God would give them back tenfold on every penny they donated. I like those odds. For every sad broad that I brighten with my magic wand, ten more fine foxes are crawling my way. The miracle reward of muff abundance has enriched my life. It beats giving a dollar to a bum and waiting to get your ten bucks back."

Being of service to our fellow humans is often more trouble than it is worth. Unfortunate people are by nature ungrateful. Very often, the hand that is extended to help an unhappy soul is bitten. Not so with the gift of gonads. The mercy fuck is one form of charity that no woman in need is too shy or ashamed about accepting.

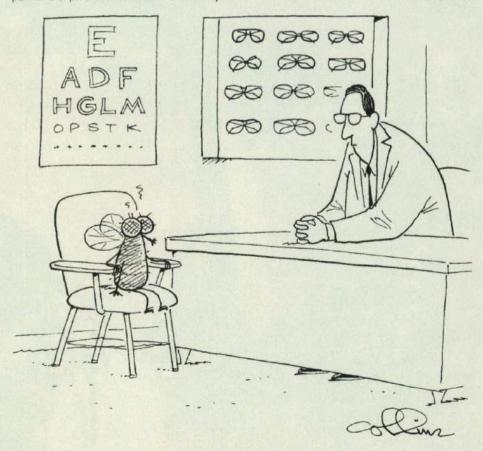
"When a chick's pelvic income drops below the poverty line," attests choad samaritan Chad Wood, "she'll meet you halfway for the relief check, so to speak. Neglected women are into affirmative action; they don't lie there waiting for wad on welfare; they're willing to work for the dick. I have my choice of hotly pursued holes or passed-over pussies, and I find myself preferring a woman who's been left behind. She's got some catching up to do. If she's not sure where her next length of love is coming from, she makes the most of it while it's sticking her, unlike some pick-and-choose cooze who's got eight guys lined up all ready to eat her shit just so she'll touch their cock."

A well-plowed mercy fuck plants the sapling of a sweet memory, for both giver and receiver, and it can turn into much more than a one-off charity toss.

Tony Award is a happily married slob who only looked twice at his wife upon initial meeting because her face was so long that he thought she must have been a hired mime. "I was at a Christmas party," recalls the chronically glowing Award, "big, fancy thing with jugglers, Santas, elves, all that shit. But Marla, that's a fake name for my wife, she was not part of the paid entertainment. She was just

miserably shy. I was in the spirits of the season, good will to men, that shit; so I went up and asked if I could get her a drink. She agreed, I brought her some egg nog, and she tipped me two bucks. She thought I was part of the paid entertainment! We fuckin' hit it off. She was smiling, laughing at my jokes, drinking some booze, and her face lit up like an invitation. All she needed was a bit of attention and bazoom! My dick went in the first time out of mercy, but it kept coming back for lust. We've been together ever since, and we plan to stay together. She doesn't realize what a catch she is; so she's willing to overlook some of my grosser faults. You know, I never told her that I only talked to her because I was sorry for her. That would hurt her feelings and ruin everything. I may be a slob, but I'm sensitive."

Tony Award is proof that even losers have hope when exercising the simple grip of kindness, and he's right about discretion being the better part of sympathy. Never let a woman know that the dicking she just got came out of pity. "I had something better to do," brags Billy Broncbar, motorcycle mechanic to the stars, "but I was putting consolation-prize pipe to a beefy, beat-up, box-face Bertha one afternoon in the back of the shop. It was the hardest ten minutes of work I ever did; so when I finished, I told her she should thank me. She didn't thank (continued on page 124)



"I'm starving to death, Doc. I can't see shit."



Bizarre Individuals: Director Fred Lincoln with violently dominated Shelby Stevens.



Truly Bizarre:

Whips and Chains and Porn Stars in Pain.

Welcome to the world of Bizarre Video, a disarmingly friendly fetish-film factory hidden away in the nastiest little warehouse in Brooklyn.

On the spot report by Selwyn Harris

Thelby Stevens has no excuse.

The appealing, blond porn actress has been a very bad girl, or more precisely, a very disobedient slave. Mistress Summer Cummings isn't happy with her at all.

"Why are you such a groveling, incompetent excuse for a slave?" the dominatrix demands.

Poor Shelby can offer no answer.

The setting is a lushly ornate bedroom, situated in a diabolical, Victorian-era obedience-training academy. Trouble brews along with the contents of the sterling-silver teapot positioned on the set's serving table.

"Lazy fool, you embarrass me!" barks leather-clad Cummings. "All the other mistresses have slaves they can be proud of, but you—argh! Now instead of bringing me shame, for once, bring your Mistress some tea!"

Stevens scampers for the teapot. Her modified maid's outfit perfectly compliments an ass that invites lickings of every sort. She delivers the beverage to Cummings.

Truly Bizarre "Nasty bitch! Get on all fours, right now!" Stevens assumes the position. Cummings drums her victim's panty-cakes with a rawhide paddle. Thwack! Thwack!

"You stupid bitch!" the Mistress screams upon just barely pressing her lips to the teacup. "This is not how I take my tea, and you know it! Oh, how I'll

make you regret this infraction!"

Stevens's first order is to lick up any liquid that may or may not have landed on Cummings's corset-pumped cleavage. The slave too happily complies.

"Nasty bitch!" Cummings snarls. "Do you dare use your Mistress's sacred body for your own sick, petty desires?

Get on all fours, right now!"

Stevens assumes the position. Cummings drums her victim's primed-beyond-prime panty-cakes with a rawhide paddle.

Thwack! Thwack! The contact sounds like it hurts. The repentant look on Stevens's clenched face indicates the same. Cummings decrees that these strokes don't hurt enough.

The long, dark dominant sashays to the bedroom closet. She opens it, revealing a treasure trove of sadistic tools whips, crops, chains, restraints—as well as nubile Nancy Vee hanging by her wrists from the coatrack.

Cummings momentarily frees Vee, instructing her to crouch behind Stevens.

Both women are beaten. The Mistress assaults them with lash and insult alike.

"The very sight of you two makes me sick," Cummings declares. "Perhaps if my eyes don't have to bear you, my mind may be less inclined to think about you."

Stevens remains on her hands and knees. Vee kneels directly behind her, so that her stomach touches Shelby's now blazing butt. Cummings covers them both with bedsheets. The cloaked, crouching women resemble a piece of furniture in this position, and Cummings, seating herself upon the wenches, uses them as such.

A dominant-in-training, played by super-stacked Skye Blue, enters the bedroom. She seems in no way surprised to see Cummings sprawled out across Stevens's spine while leaning back hard against Vee's torso. The punishers converse, casually, about goings-on at the academy. No acknowledgement is made of the punished. As talk turns to the crush that Blue harbors for Cummings, the women serving as the couch have done so for an uncomfortably long time. Blue commences to perform cunnilingus on her idol. No care is given to the subserviants' comfort.

When Stevens flinches and upsets the pussy-licking, however, the Mistresses care very much.

"Horrible monster!"
"Filthy slut!"

The epithets fly as relentlessly as the whip cracks that ensue.

The slaves beg forgiveness.

The Mistresses assure them that none will be forthcoming. In fact, their misbehavior demands a more severe reprimand.

"To the dungeon!" Summer Cummings directs.

The four women exit the bedroom, each looking forward, in her own deprayed way, to the exquisite violence ahead.

As will the viewers at home.

Cummings, Blue, Stevens and Vee are filming the latest entry in Bizarre Video's Dresden Diaries series, under the tutelage of veteran pornmeister Fred J. Lincoln. In reality, the actresses retire not to any dungeon, but to the deli platters awaiting them off-camera.

The location is Bizarre Video's soundstage, storehouse and studio, situated in the unlikely locale of downtown Brooklyn, New York.

This is the beginning of four long and bizarre days.

* * *
The commonly held conception of Brooklyn, New York, is that of a fore-boding desolate burg on a polluted wa-

boding, desolate burg on a polluted waterfront populated by tough-talking simpletons, shrewish fishwives and thugs who mean business.

A trip to Bizarre Video, headquarters of the premiere fetish tape outlet in the United States, confirms the borough's bad reputation.

Bizarre Video is located on the fourth floor of a warehouse down the street from the subway station ranked number one for violent crime in all of New York City (no mean feat). The surrounding terrain is industrial, overwhelmingly abandoned. Noisy trucks careen through the ominously empty streets; some freak in a rusted wheelchair shouts profanities toward heaven.

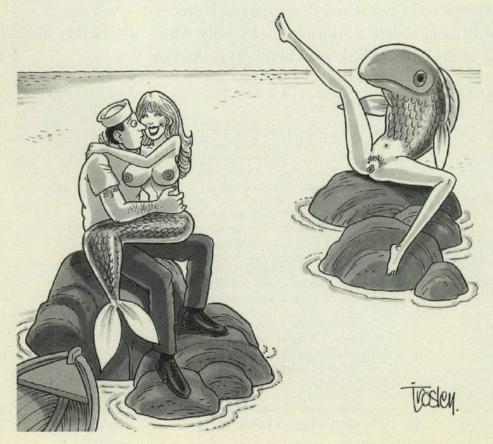
Why Brooklyn?

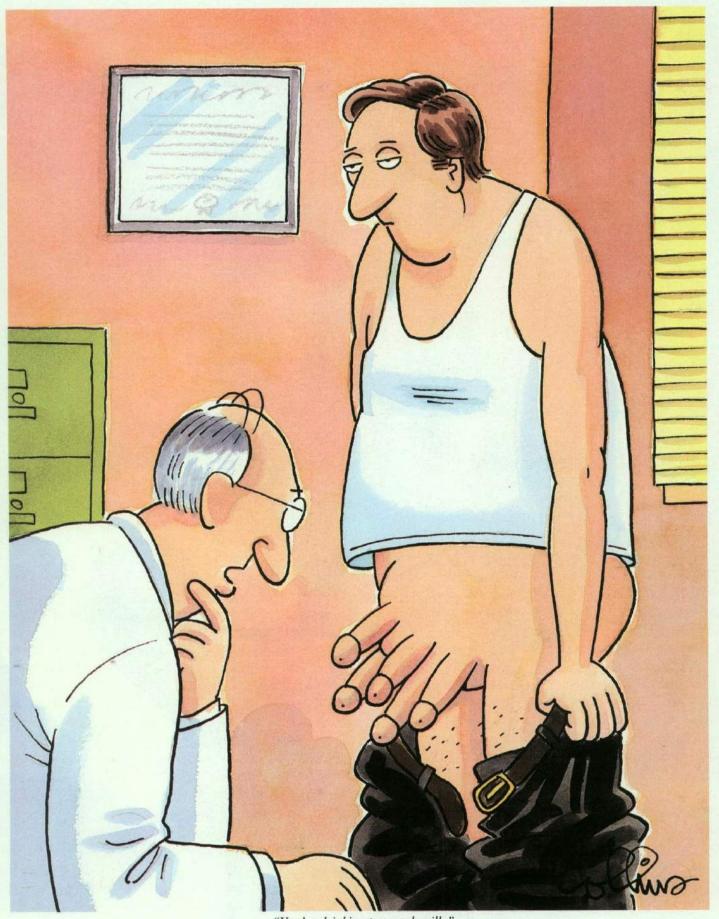
"You saw the answer painted in the realtor's ad on the side of our building," answers Stephanie Martin, head of Bizarre Video's publicity department. "Four dollars per square foot."

Martin is warm and vivacious, the first of many Bizarre employees to fit both that description and the declaration, "I'd never expect somebody like you to be doing something like this."

What Martin does, what Bizarre Video does, is sell America an underground sexuality that seems increasingly less underground, increasingly less bizarre.

"Fetish has gone mainstream," Martin opines. "Basic Instinct, 9 1/2 Weeks, (continued on page 68)





"You're drinking too much milk."

















(continued from page 58)

ruly Bizarre She hurts and humiliates him with writing implements, rulers,

erasers, even a large dictionary. The scene culminates with London stapling Springer's balls to the desk.

Exit to Eden, Madonna's Sex book, The Red Shoe Diaries on Showtime-that's kinky stuff, precisely the sort of stuff we've been manufacturing here for the past 11 years. Bondage, latex, foot worship, transvestism, tickling, wrestling, watersports: That's what we do at Bizarre Video."

And, by all accounts, they do it right.

Bizarre Video was founded in 1983 by reclusive businessman Morty Gordon. Gordon purchased a few dozen S & M titles from a small-time producer and, with famed porn director and fellow Brooklyn-bred pervert Bruce Seven as his initial filmmaker, he successfully forged a unique entity in adult entertainment. Every year since its inception has been more profitable than the last for Bizarre; its reputation among devotees of commercially viable weird-sex tapes is sec-

"Morty is an absolute visionary," Martin states. "He built the company on quality: The other fetish houses don't have the guts, nor will they spend the money, for big name stars and top-ofthe-line equipment. Morty always has, and that's made all the difference for us. Bizarre Video has fewer returns than any other adult-video company. Our customers are always satisfied."

Among Bizarre's more, well, bizarre patrons, has been straitlaced Walt Disney Productions.

"Bizarre owns the rights to Ed Wood's Glen or Glenda; after all, it's the most famous transvestite movie of all time." Martin explains. "So when Disney was doing Tim Burton's movie-bio of Wood, they bought hundreds of copies of Glen from us, to send out as publicity."

Would the mega-corporation that Mickey built be properly alarmed to know the sort of outfit they were dealing with?

"Maybe, maybe not," Martin proposes. "We actually purchased all our duplicating equipment from Disney. Besides that, people who buy from us turn up in the most stunning places. We don't have much trouble with the law, since making an obscenity charge stick when the material is soft-core—as Bizarre's is-is very difficult. Nonetheless, our one bust ended in tragedy: Not only did the prosecutor cover up that someone on her staff was a regular Bizarre Video customer, but the judge assigned to the case owned several of our movies as well. Sadly, the judge killed himself when the facts surfaced.'

Scandal, suicide, bondage, drag queens, foot freaks, piss chronicles—this is powerfully sordid material. How can it be that the atmosphere at Bizarre Video is so effervescently friendly?

"Above all else, we're a professional bunch here," Martin gathers. "We like what we do, and we like each other. And now that we've built our own soundstage, we can shoot nine-to-five instead of starting at 8 p.m. like we used to; so I'm sure we're going to like each other even more."

Nicole London is one bitch of a boss.

Displeased with the performance of employee Rob Springer, London, from behind her desk, orders him to strip out of his three-piece suit. He grovels at her high heels, but this is one corporate female who means business.

"Lick my shoes," London sneers.

Springer laps away.

Seeing he enjoys this position too much, the big, bad boss-lady commands him to doff his bun-hugger briefs. "Now put them on your head," London insists. "Cover your face. I'm sure your underwear stinks even worse than the rest of you."

Springer complies, lying naked, facefirst, in the office's shag carpet with stinky underpants on his head. London produces a riding crop from her file cabinet and moves in for an extreme executive measure. She whips his ass raw.

"Don't you look at me when I'm disciplining you!" London erupts. "I'll fix you now!"

She tapes Springer's eves shut. From there, she hurts and humiliates him with all manner of office supply-writing implements, rulers, erasers, white-out, even a large dictionary. As angry as London seems with her underling, she apparently doesn't want him to stray too far: The scene culminates with London stapling Springer's balls to the desk.

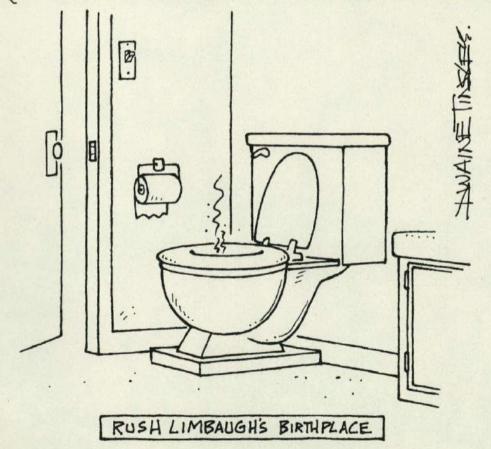
"Did that hurt?"

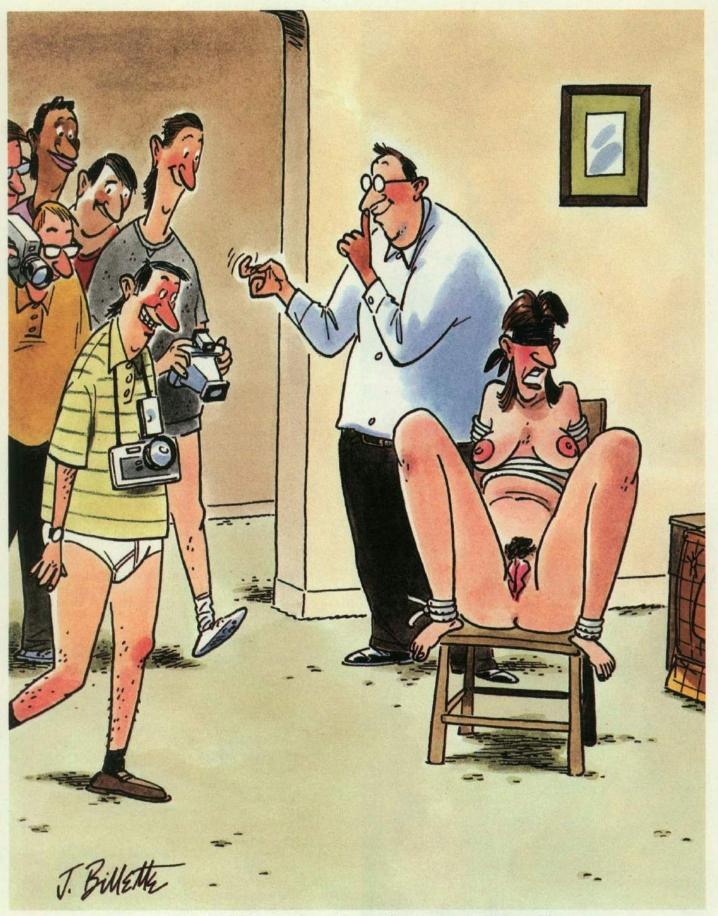
This is an obvious question.

The staple incident may have been faked, but over the course of the fourday, eight-video shoot, every performer on hand is genuinely roughed up. This prospect of violence and pain must make for unusually tingly anticipation.

"You should not attempt bondage and discipline unless you are serious," Summer Cummings intones as she applies her makeup, stretching every syllable for pointed effect. Skye Blue concurs, in the same curious vocal fashion: "If you are dainty, if you do not love the pain, then you do not belong in this business, you should not make this kind of film."

Nicole London and Shelby Stevens

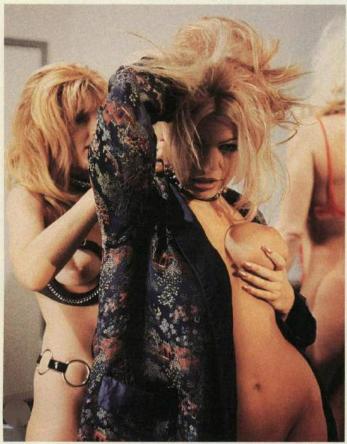




"Okay, Carl, I've gone along with your silly game—are we done now?"



Nicole Lace, looking beat.



Nicole London suits Stevens for submission.

roll their eyes as they pat their sore heinies.

Cummings and Blue are inseparable. Beyond exuding unfettered hostility, they perform in strip clubs together, engage in private domination and boast similarly hyper-inflated bosoms. The women are also live-in lovers, so dedicated to their union that each has the other's real name tattooed on the back of her neck.

They supposedly met while shopping for produce—"I was squeezing melons," Skye Blue claims, "and Summer Cummings put her gorgeous tits in my hands"—though this premise is about as likely as their response when asked what they do for fun: "We like to pick up geeky boys who need discipline," Cummings claims while eyeballing the HUSTLER reporter and photographer. Blue backs her up: "Yeah, we like weak boys who carry notebooks and wear nerdy glasses."

Skye Blue and Summer Cummings never step out of character. By contrast, Shelby Stevens and Nicole London couldn't be more down-to-earth. Chatty and likable, they are downright sexy, whether being pummeled or simply lazing about on a sofa backstage. London's husband, occasional hard-core stud Anthony Crane, participates in the shoot as well. Each has practiced some sadomasochism in their private lives; each has enjoyed it.

Nicole Lace, a giddy, rising XXX starlet, and streetwise Mark Dark are another married couple taking part in the proceedings.

Nancy Vee is a relative neophyte. A stripper from New Jersey, this is her second Bizarre Video project, her second video project period. Vee stands tall and lean, her stomach rippling with muscles, under a brunet mane that shimmers almost to her waist. She's beautiful, coy and charmingly nervous: perfect for the parts she's been called on to play.

The chain wrapped around Nancy Vee attaches her to a toilet. She's naked, trapped and afraid, with good reason: Anthony Crane has reached his breaking point.

"Always scheming and conniving," Crane scolds the whimpering Vee. "You evil bitch! Stick your head in that toilet!"

Vee plunges neck-deep into the crapper. Crane encourages her to stay there, stuffing her face further into the foul water. He laughs at her gurgles. A fistful of ponytail bunched in his hand, Crane yanks Vee out of the commode with a splash. She gasps, pleading for forgiveness. He submerges her again, longer, more angrily.

Vee will spend the remainder of the scenario with her head in the bowl. Her magnificent ass, spread apart and stuck right toward the camera, will be brutally caned.

Far more surprising than Crane's utterly convincing rage, and the very visible marks left on Vee's behind, is the smile on her



"This one's ripe for a licking."



Wenches, whips and tits-tres Bizarre!



Summer Cummings shows off her rack.



Pummeled by Master Sleep.

Truly Bizarre The chain wrapped around Nancy Vee attaches her to a toilet. She's naked, trapped and afraid. Crane scolds the whimpering Vee. "You evil bitch! Stick your head in that toilet!"

face when the director yells, "Cut!"

"How did I do?" Nancy Vee wonders, free to emerge from the toilet.

"Astonishingly," is the answer.

Fred Lincoln fits the role of dirtymovie director right nicely. He sports long, silver hair, dresses like a biker, and smokes what must be 1,000 cigarettes a day. He's laid back and congenial, an admirable trait for one of the adult industry's most celebrated and creative talents for the better part of two decades.

"I love doing the Bizarre Video stuff," Lincoln asserts. "Everybody here is an old friend of mine. It's great to get out to Brooklyn, and you don't have to worry about some guy's dick staying hard. They run a tight ship here. Shooting for Bizarre is a pleasure."

Lincoln's wife, Patti Rhodes, is the company's other feature director. Her on-the-set style is as utilitarian as her husband's is unhurried.

"We counterbalance each other well that way," Rhodes concludes. "Freddy is all about laughing and talking and taking his sweet time, whereas I'm—boom-boom—strictly business, without being stern about it."

The combination works. Lincoln handles the first two days of filming, which

utilize a dungeon, a shower and that 19th-century obedience academy. Rhodes presides over the office workers gone berserk and all the jailhouse interaction.

Do they take their work home with them?

"Nah," Rhodes responds. "We're nuts, but we're not sick."

X-rated tyro-fuck Debi Diamond finds herself behind bars.

As though being paddled in a medieval dungeon by frightening muscle freak Master Luc weren't ordeal enough, today's schedule places her in a roughshod corrections facility, surrounded by dangerous men, forced to pretend she's not interested in sex.

It is a testament to Diamond's acting ability that she restrains herself. She wears oversized jeans and a flannel shirt, a disguise intended to convey maleness. The look fools Rob Springer, who flips when Diamond, no longer able to hold back, reaches to touch his dink while he's taking a piss.

"What are you?" Springer shouts. "A fucking faggot?"

Well, they are in prison. Regardless, Springer throws Diamond in among Scott Baker, Mark Dark and Anthony Crane. "We got us a queerboy here, fellas!" Springer trumpets.

He's wrong, of course, as the inmates joyfully discover when they tear Dia-

mond's clothes off.

A simulated gang-bang follows, Diamond's relentless enthusiasm more than making up for the lack of penetration shots. Regardless, the men are not sated by the make-believe sex. Each takes a turn slapping Diamond silly. She is dragged by the hair, spanked and forced to lick crusty bootheels.

A female guard, Shelby Stevens, puts an end to the brutal melee. She casts a sympathetic hand to Diamond, leads the ravaged mynx from the cell and, once outside, wails on her anew with a billy club.

The perfect end to a perfect day.

"You can't hurt me," Debi Diamond boasts. "It's amazing."

The six-foot, animal-lean, adult-film mainstay poses in an upright coffin for a Bizarre Video poster and box cover.

Diamond's imperviousness to pain is awesome. No cast member is trounced more viciously. The erotic *zeitgeist* of the trash-blond porn veteran is electrifying whether or not she has a plug in her socket. Any room Debi Diamond steps into is irradiated with sex. She is all slinky limbs and bucking hips, come-fucking-hither looks and outrageous candor.

"Pornography is all about eating cum," Diamond attests. "I like doing these S&M shoots because I like testing my limits, but I get really frustrated. If you're going to beat my ass, I want you to fuck me in it too, and then come on my face. Fucking is my life. You know the cartoon bird on the commercial who goes koo-koo for cereal? That's how I am when it comes to sex."

Nicole London, quite nude, happens by. Diamond gropes her tit. "I love that Nicole's kept her boobs natural. Honey, whatever you do," Diamond implores, vigorously massaging London's mammaries, "don't get these pumped up."

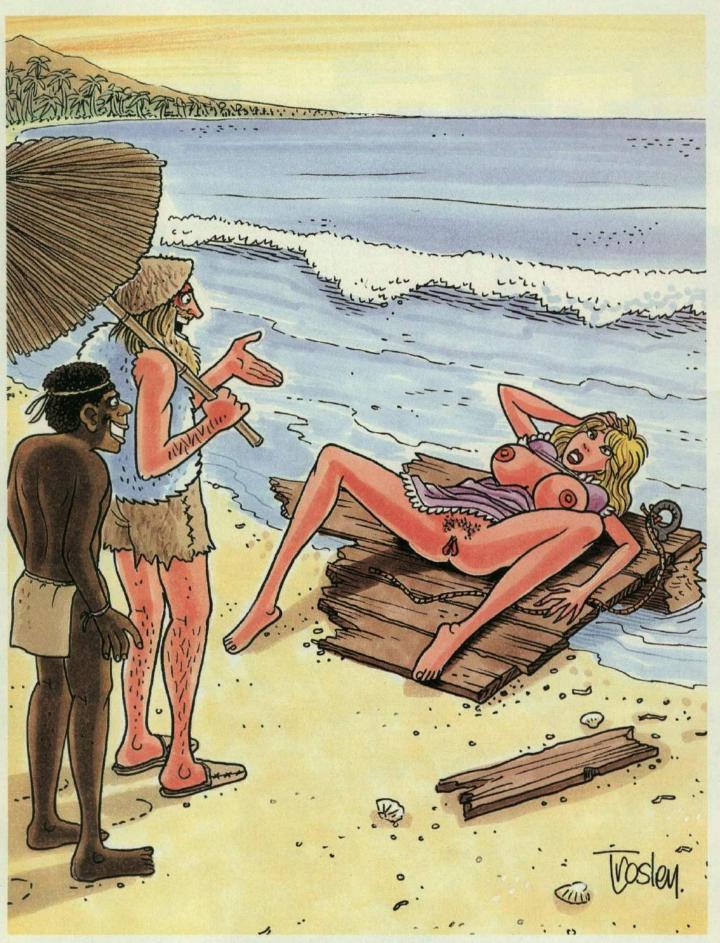
London makes no promises, but she appreciates Diamond's concern. The two plan on touring East Coast topless dance venues together, just as soon as they're through getting the crap kicked out of them in Brooklyn.

Across from the porn actresses sits Scott Baker. Soft-spoken and studious, Baker starred for years in Broadway's Oh! Calcutta, in addition to landing regular roles on a variety of television series. He dabbles, these days, in

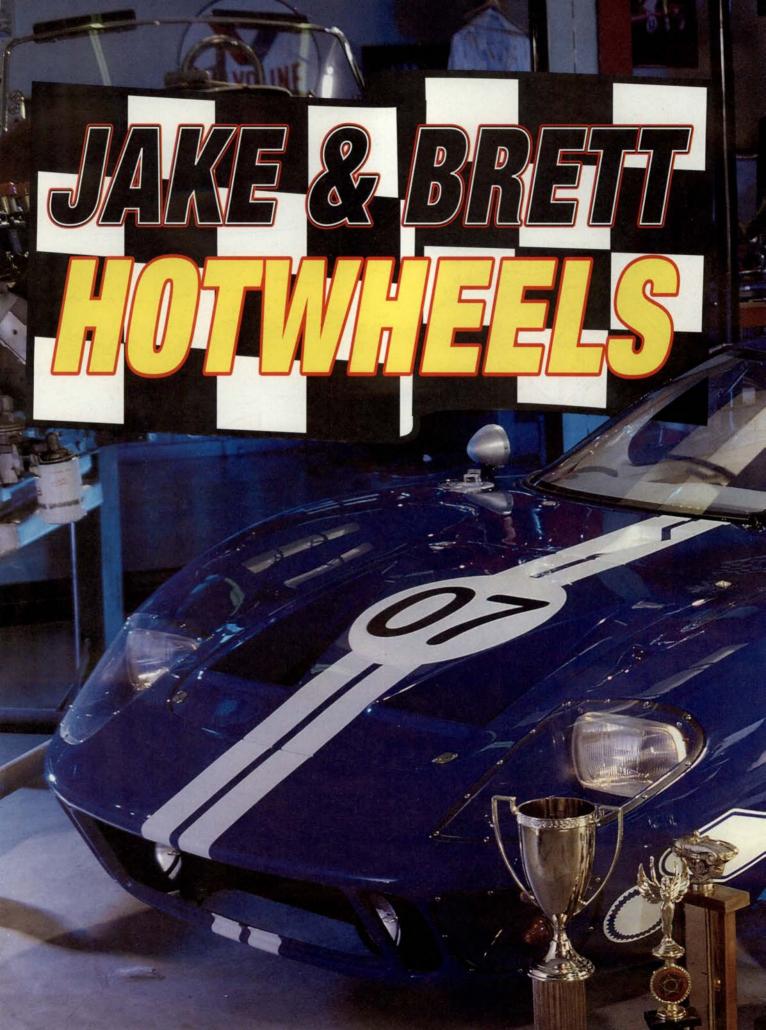
(continued on page 142)



"Ours is the way of peace and nonviolence, that's why we hired you guys to make the hit."



"'Friday'... meet 'Saturday Fuckin' Night!'"





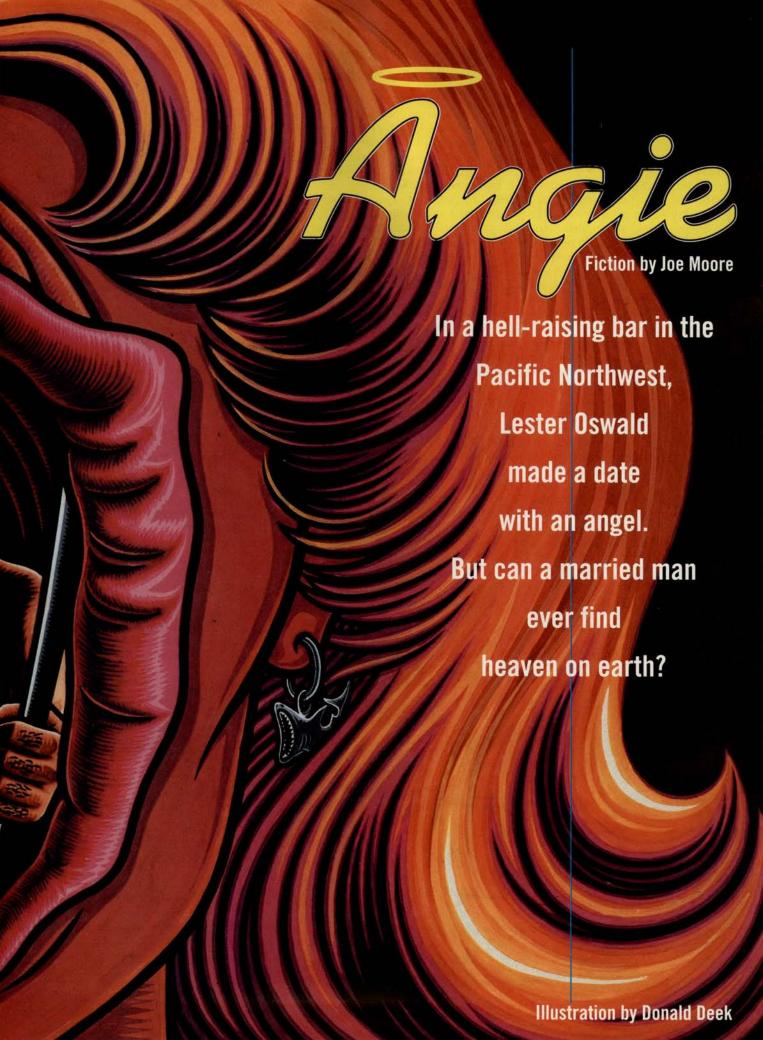












Angle A swing of Lester's nearly full pitcher of beer cracked him in the nose. Fuzzy grabbed his bleeding schnoz, finding bits of cartilage floating freely in the flap of useless skin.

Some ass-wipe in the lockup at Washington's Pierce County Jail told Lester Oswald that the C&C tavern on 38th Street in Tacoma was the place to be for easy ass, bloody fights and cheap fucking beer.

Laid off from his shipbuilding job in the tide flats, Lester had found himself coming home at all hours. His wife, Shelley, began to wonder—out loud—what had attracted her to him in the first place. (Lester was a \$19-an-hour welder, and Shelley was a \$6-an-hour video-store counter bimbo, for starters.) Lester came home wiped one morning. Shelley asked him what his problem was—did it start as soon as he came out of his mother's ass? Lester replied with a friendly offer to stuff her panties down her goddamn throat. He wouldn't have done it—it was the booze talking. Shelley called the cops anyway.

That was two weeks ago. Lester walked straight from jail to a temp agency known for part-time work with same-day pay. He had no interest in reuniting with Shelley anytime soon. The punishing bitch hadn't visited.

The special of the day was killing chickens out at the Henderson Farms. By noon, Lester was matted to the waist and elbows with chicken shit, feathers and blood. Finishing up

around seven that evening, he pocketed \$42 and popped a lift toward Pacific Avenue. Lester's regular bar was Hal's on 56th, but Shelley had the number there. He disembarked at 38th. After all, the dude in the lockup had recommended the C&C.

The C&C knocked newcomers on their asses with a spine-snapping stench of stale booze, fat asses and unwashed feet. The choad chassis tending bar soothed Lester's raging need to get lit with a crotch-raising remedy for stir-sore eyes—mid-to-late 20s, high-riding, tangerine ass, tight waist, ready smile, sparkling eyes and bleached hair waved back in a wild whore's mousse. He started things off with a deck of Camel straights, a pitcher of Rainier and a bottle of the same on the side.

"And while you're at it, how about your phone number?" he felt bold enough to inquire.

"You don't even know my name," replied the slut.

"You never fucked a guy that didn't know your name?" Lester stuck out his hand. "My name's Lester. I drink like a motherfucker, and I'll stamp any motherfucker's ass into a bloody paste who gets in my way."

"I'm Angie," said the barkeep, plac-

ing the pitcher of beer and the smokes in front of him.

"Aye, Angie!" said one of the regulars at the end of the bar. "Another pitcher, babe!"

"Put a dirty sock in your ass, Dale; I'm having a conversation," replied Angie with a charming smile.

One of the local miscarriages shooting pool behind Lester got clumsy, grazing Lester's ear with the cue. Lester turned, having no appetite for shit.

"Watch that stick unless you plan to eat it, motherfucker," he said.

The motherfucker—a parolee known as Fuzzy for the thick, red hair that sprouted from every inch of his beer-bloated body—pinned Lester with red, piggy eyes.

"Keep talking out your ass, and I'll knock your dick up your nose faster than you can blink," drawled Fuzzy, tightening his grip on the cue.

Angrily, Lester put down his beer. "I'm shitting in my boots, ass-wipe."

Fuzzy's muscular forearms whipped the pool cue to smash Lester's face. Quicker by a fraction, Lester ducked. The fat end of the stick connected with the skidmark in the next seat over, demolishing his teeth and gums in a stroke of pure destruction. Having thought he was getting a front-row seat, the unlucky bastard would wake up center stage—in the emergency room at Puget Sound Hospital.

Before Fuzzy could fully rebound, a forceful swing of Lester's nearly full pitcher of beer cracked him in the nose. Fuzzy grabbed his bleeding schnoz, finding bits of shattered cartilage floating freely in the flap of useless skin.

"Motherfuck!" he hollered, spraying blood as he exhaled. Gushing, the hot, red sauce ran off his beard onto his stinking T-shirt. Lester booted him straight on his red-bearded chin. Fuzzy fell to the floor, where Lester commenced scraping off his face with hearty jabs of a steel-toed boot.

Fuzzy's buddy, a failed abortion called Scabs, picked up a pool ball, but before he could rocket it at Lester, he was grabbed from behind. Twisting Scabs's arm enough to bend the bone, Jake Pretowski—the C&C bouncer—smashed Scabs's head into the edge of the pool table, opening a bone-deep gash in his forehead from one side to the other.

"All right, Angie," said Jake. Angie got the paramedics on the phone. The sucker Fuzzy had knocked cold with the misfired pool cue would press charges through his wired jaw and swollen, blow-

'MR. SENSITIVE'



"Oh, shit-look at the time! I gotta run!"



"Now there's an idea...."

He moved his tongue seductively from her oven-hot, cinnamon-roll bunghole to her fragrant pussy, which he gobbled on, before stopping to pay a compliment: "Your twat spreads open like a Jap fan."

fish mouth. After being sewn up at the hospital, Fuzzy and Scabs would be escorted to jail.

His credentials now firmly established, Lester chatted with Angie as he helped mop the floor. She liked a guy who came out on top. He waited until she shut down the tavern. During the drive to her apartment, Lester rubbed his gnarled hand on her leg while entertaining her with lies about the damage he'd inflicted on other motherfuckers who'd been stupid enough to tangle with him.

Angie lived at the upscale Timber Creek apartments. Not the typical bar-

wench digs.

"You must get a lot of tips," Lester observed, taking frog-eyed notice of the fancy surroundings.

"I teach an aerobics class on the side," replied Angie proudly. "Every

extra penny helps.'

"You got a regular cash register between your legs," said Lester.

"Where's the pisser?"

While Lester pissed a bladderful all over Angie's clean white toilet, she returned to the car to retrieve the case of beer she'd popped in the trunk before splitting the bar. Lester peeled three cans from the cold pack. Angie poured herself a large goblet of red

wine before excusing herself to the bathroom.

She had hardly time to take a piss before Lester opened the bathroom door, his dick sticking up like a flagpole. Beer in his hand, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, the besotted son of a bitch thought he was James Coburn.

"Shit, Angie, I thought you fell in."

"I'm putting in my sponge."

"You better put one of those in your asshole too."

Lester scratched his ball sac—it sounded like heavy-gauge sandpaper.

"Hurry so I can crack that squack up,"

he grunted good-naturedly.

Guzzling the beer, he aimed his dick toward the bedroom. Angie entered a few minutes later. Stripped naked, she hit a couple of buttons on a pre-loaded video camera mounted on a tripod near the bed. Stepping around to the front of the camera, she smiled directly into the lens. Lester, spread-eagled, reclined on the bed, his head resting in his hands, his standing dick bobbing toward Angie's wet lips.

"Forget about blackmail," he told her.

"My wife don't give a fuck."

"Just a hobby," smiled Angie. "I make tapes of guys I fuck. No harm intended."

Positioning herself in camera range, Angie crawled on the bed on all fours. She was tan all over, from her head to her pedicured toes. Spreading her pussy and ass open with ten Press-On nails, she turned around, smiling.

Lester licked her twat and asshole with slow, deep strokes of his cotton-mouth tongue. While the cunthole remained nice and firm, the wet lips of her meaty poon opened up damn near to the size of Lester's hand. He moved his tongue seductively from her oven-hot, cinnamon-roll bunghole to her fragrant, pink-orange pussy, which he gobbled on, smacking and grunting, before stopping to pay Angie a romantic compliment: "Your twat spreads open like a Jap fan."

After sucking on his joint as loud and hard as an industrial water pump, Angie pulled up for a second, leaving a thick rope of spit and pre-cum hanging from her lower lip to the head of his snail. "Most guys like me for my mind," she

replied for the video.

With Angie's tight ass blinking at him like the red light on her camera, Lester alternated between diddling her twat and licking her bung and vice versa. Three fingers in each hole was par for the course with Angie, but she moaned and creamed his face with girl juice like it was her first time. Begging to be plowed, she stretched out on her back.

Leaping on top of her, Lester slid inside her sopping twat, slamming himself in and out of her thick, wet interior.

As he rode her steaming lobster, a warm mix of perfume, hairspray and body sweat assailed Lester's oft times broken nose, interrupting the musky humidity emanating from her pussy—the fragrance he preferred. Thankfully, with every belly-slapping stroke, Angie squirted cunt juice like a cat sprays piss.

Pulling his johnson out of her snatch to mount her heaving chest, Lester took a moment to wonder what the poor, dumb motherfuckers in jail were doing just then.

"What's the matter?" asked Angie, fucked, sucked and still not content.

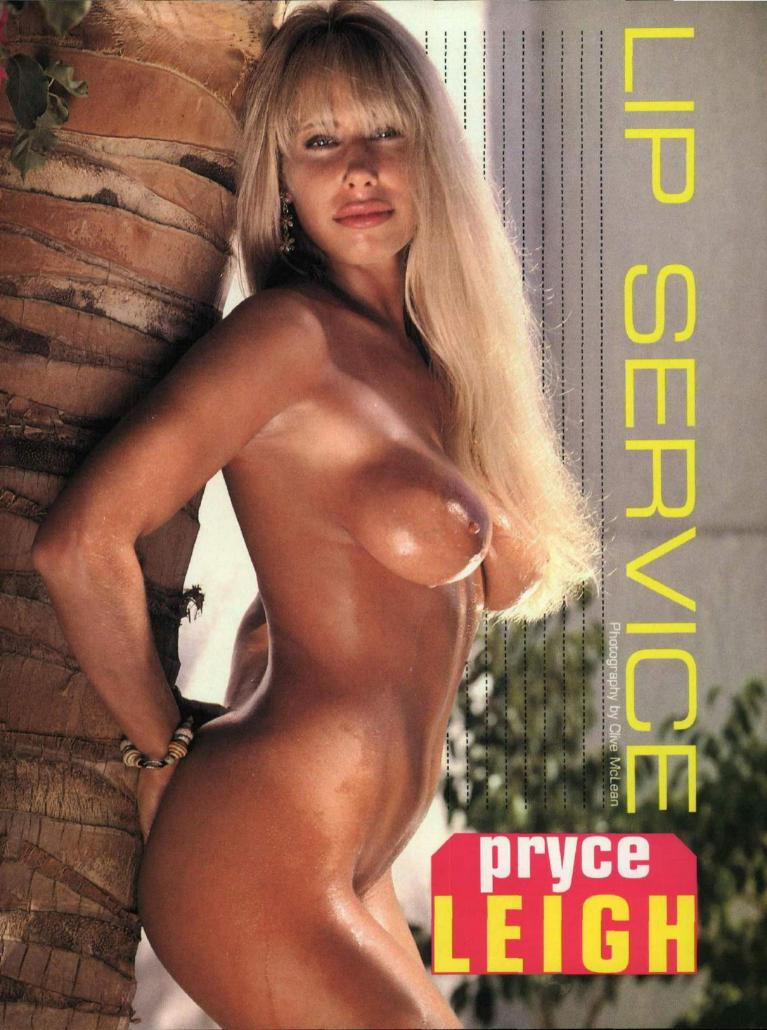
"Can't find my drawers," muttered Lester, reaching straightaway for his pants on the floor. "If you find 'em, you can have 'em. Put 'em in your trophy case."

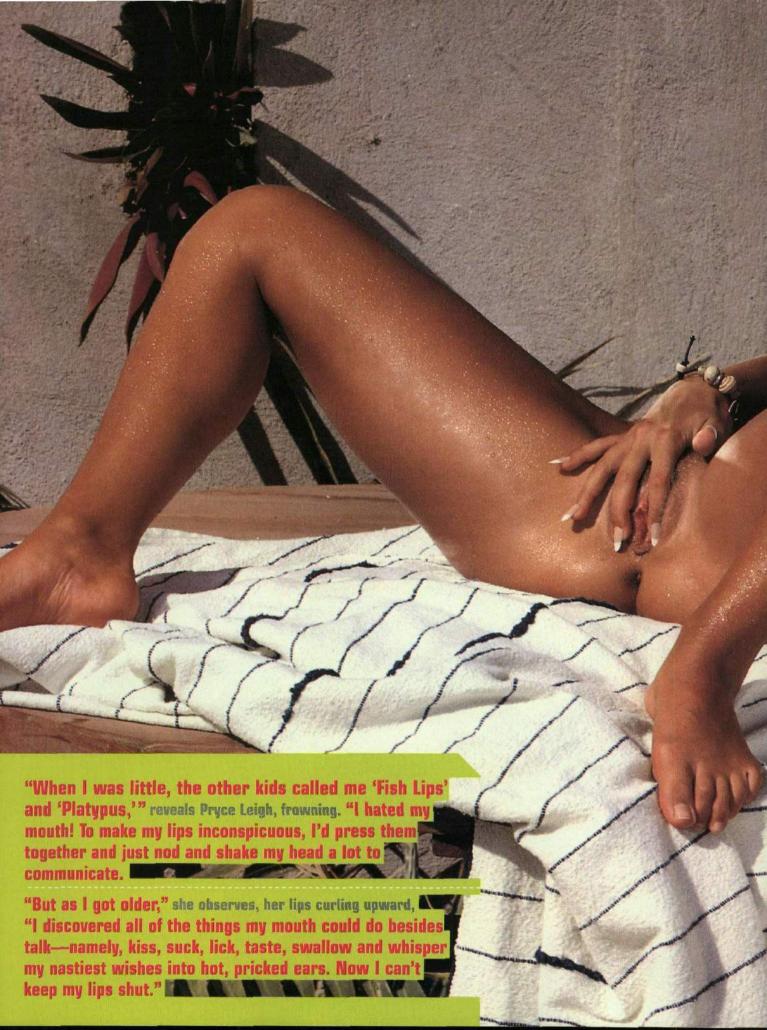
Angie spied the red light blinking on the camcorder. Tits bouncing, she leaped out of bed and turned off the machine.

Lester popped another beer. He still had a half can on the dresser. He drank from it interchangeably with the fresh one.

"You're not leaving, are you?" asked (continued on page 92)

















"We can sleep in, fuck, eat breakfast and fuck some more. How does that sound?"

"Sounds like your twat's gonna be smoking diaphragms like cigarettes."

Angie, as if she truly gave a twat squirt. She was fucking with his head.

"Cook me breakfast in the morning, and I'll stick around," he offered.

"Deal," she said happily. "We can sleep in, fuck, eat breakfast and fuck some more. How does that sound?"

"Sounds like your twat's gonna be smoking diaphragms like cigarettes."

Blowing a beer-cloud kiss into her sour-smelling mouth, Lester grabbed her irresistibly sweaty ass cleft with one hand, sliding the other against her dripping snatch. With breakfast in the bargain, he'd made himself a pretty sweet deal.

Around noon the next morning, Lester woke to a blowjob. Angie had already showered. After a slow, noisy pull of her distended lips from the smeary tip of his choad, she murmured, "Did you sleep good?"

Standard morning-after whore question. Lester grunted his reply. Upon gulping his load, Angie trotted to the kitchen. Lester got his bearings with another cigarette and beer. "What're you fixing?"

"Canadian bacon, poached eggs and Belgian waffles."

"Sounds good. Let me take a shit so I can make room for it."

Angie met him at the bathroom door. "Come here, bad man," she said, and they embraced. Shower fresh, she opened her silk robe, exposing her perfectly rounded tits, toned stomach and the curly, dark tufts of her moneymaker.

She returned to her designer plates and silverware, while Lester shuffled, beer in hand, inside the can to take a satisfying 20-minute shit. He left the door wide open. Angie had met the type before-the motherfucker who wanted to have a conversation while sitting on the crapper. She didn't mind the conversation so much, but she could do without the nasty sound effects. Stepping up the hallway, she politely closed the door.

Smoking half a dozen cigarettes while he squeezed out logs, Lester finished up about half an hour later. Not wasting any time washing his hands, he sat down to breakfast. His empty stomach burned from all the beer he'd been drinking. Angie rose to pack her sports bag while Lester cleaned his plate.

"I have to make a quick phone call," she said, zipping up her vinyl bag. She tossed the car keys to Lester, adding, "Would you take my bag out to the car for me?"

"No skin off my dick," replied Lester, hauling the keys and the bag out the door.

blast of cold. Small, dark clouds in the winter sky slowly headed south like a mass of diarrhea needing to get the fuck out of the way.

Lester fumbled the key in the lock.

"POLICE. MOTHERFUCKER! DROP THE BAG AND PUT YOUR GODDAMN HANDS ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD! RIGHT NOW, PIECE OF SHIT!!!"

Lester hardly had time to register the words before he was rushed by four narc-type cops wearing blue sheriff's jackets. One cop grabbed his neck and an arm; at the same time, another cop grabbed his other arm and kicked his legs out from under him. Busting his mouth open on Angie's car fender, Lester felt a few teeth rip away before he hit the ground.

"What the fuck's going on?" Lester mumbled, half dazed, through his tornopen mouth. Four teeth-busted at the roots—lay beside him on the concrete drive. What felt like a thick flap of skin hung from the roof of his mouth.

The third cop searched Angie's sports bag. More plainclothes dicks gathered at Angie's apartment, where they were met by a bitch who must have been the building manager.

Blood spurted from Lester's shredded mouth, dropping in watery sheets and thick gobs. From his worm's-eye view, he watched the contents of Angie's bag spill onto the ground: designer towels, French-cut leotards, skin lotion-and a kilo of uncut cocaine wrapped and taped in a clear plastic bag.

An immediate search of Angie's apartment turned up nothing but an address book and approximately 500 home videotapes of some very hot fucking.

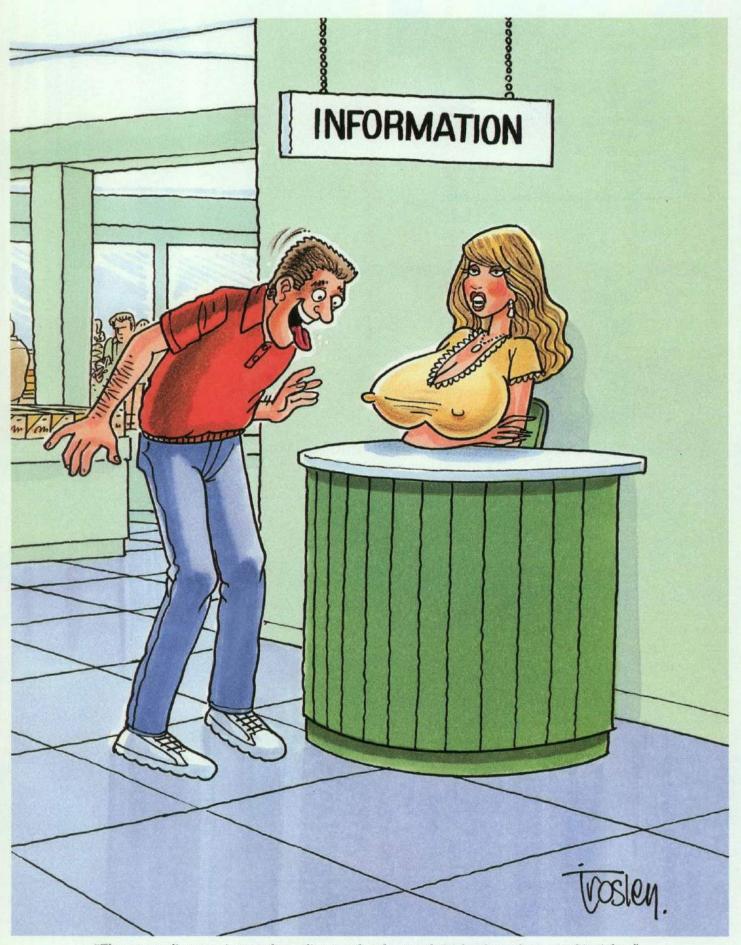
Angie plea-dealt. Diming out a few big-timers, she copped six years' probation and a two-year suspended sentence. Similar circumstances had caused her to flee her native Florida. This time, she moved from Washington to Cincinnati, where she met with a probation officer, checked into a rehab program (she flunked) and acquired a night-shift cashier job at a 24-hour gasand-grocery store.

Lester spent four months in a holding tank before he was tried and sentenced to 12 years' hard time in the Walla Walla Penitentiary. When the judge read the sentence, Lester's mouth fell open, revealing four teeth missing from the pulpy upper gums. He stood alone with his court-appointed attorney.

Needless to say, his wife Shelley didn't show.

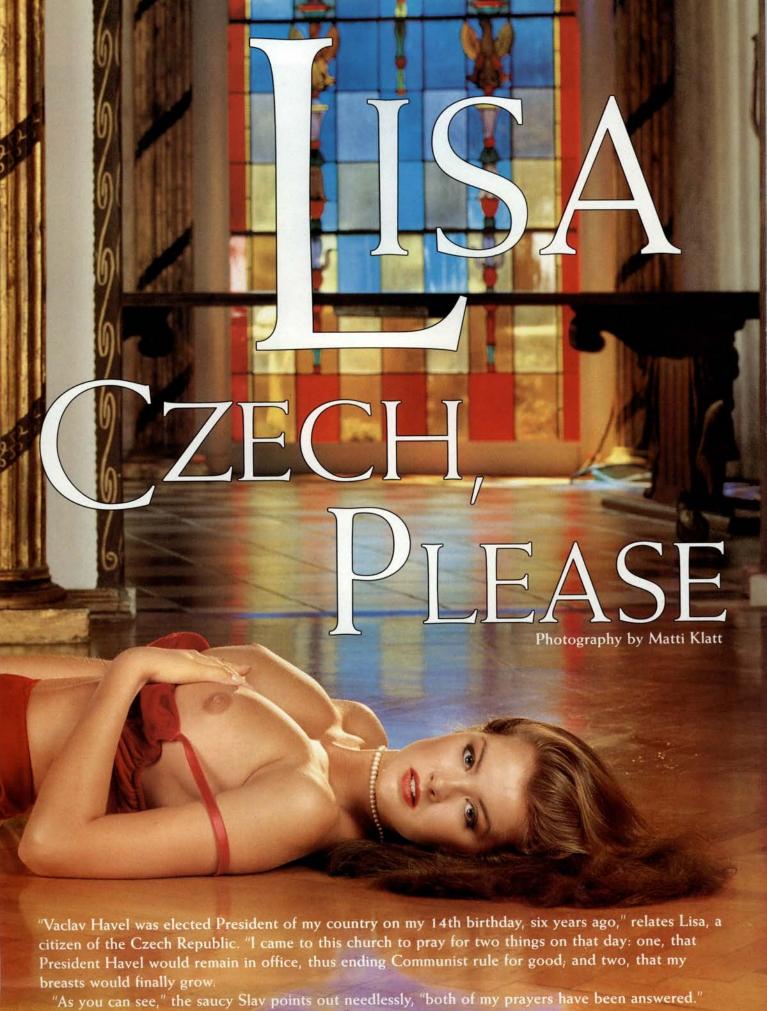


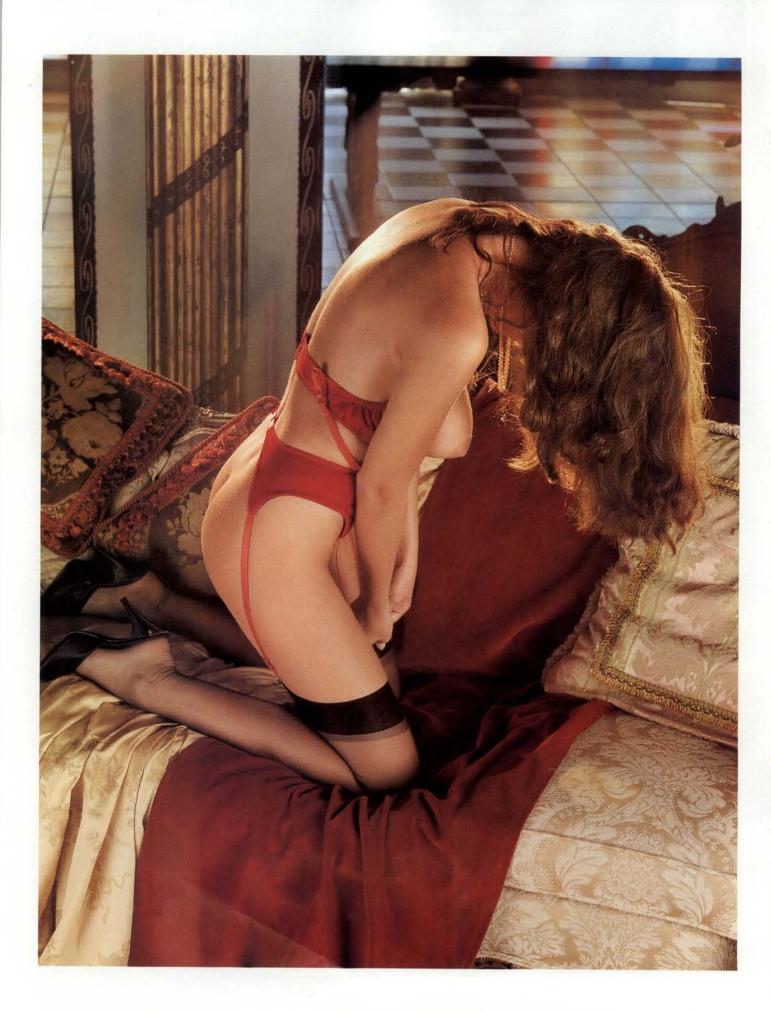
"Guess what, babe?! Larry Flynt came to my photo shoot, and I got him to autograph my labia!"



"The surrounding area is sort of a medium tan, but the actual nipples themselves are a bit pinker."





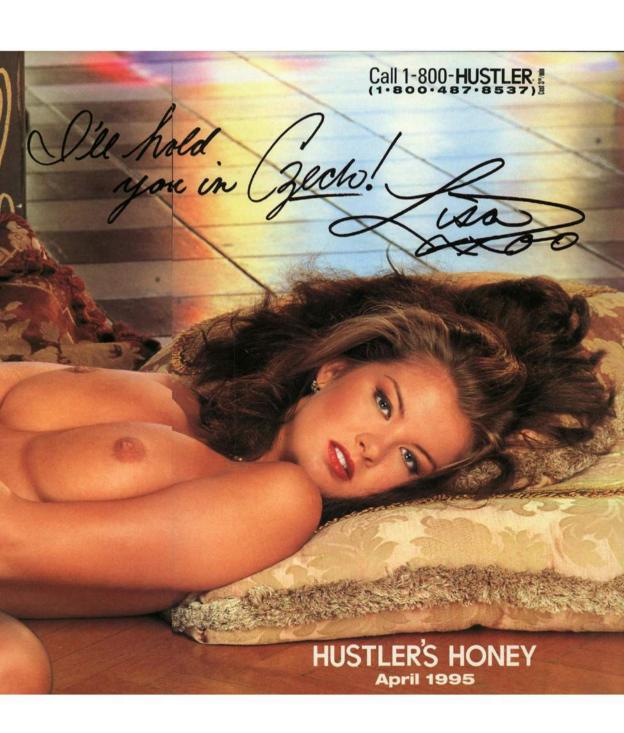




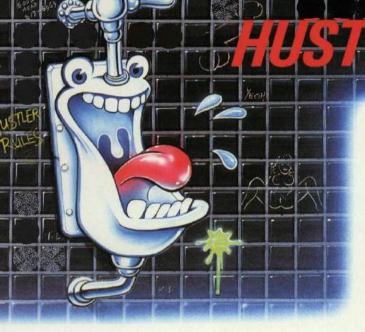












Young Timmy, blind since his fourth birthday, could scarcely believe his mother's promise.

"You mean, if I pray extra hard tonight," the unfortunate child marveled, "I'll be able to see when I wake up tomorrow?"

"That's right," his mother assured him.

The next morning, Timmy awoke, terribly distressed. "Mommy!" he cried. "I'm still blind!"

"I know, Son," she chuckled. "April fool!"

Question: What's worse than being married to John Wayne Bobbitt?

Answer: Being divorced from O. J. Simpson.

Stanley fired his hunting rifle at a large grizzly bear, missing the animal by a mere inch.

The angry bear tackled Stanley and, pinning him to the ground, snarled, "Suck my dick!"

Stanley, helpless, complied.

A week later, Stan returned to the woods, armed with an AK-47. He spotted the same bear, discharged the weapon, but he missed again. Once more, Stanley had to orally satiate the grizzly.

Undaunted, Stan next ventured into the forest sporting a bazooka. His ensuing attack, just like the two before, proved fruitless.

A moment later, the raging beast weighed heavy on top of poor Stanley.

"You don't really come here to hunt, do you?" the bear growled.

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines cotton picker as: a woman who loses her tampon string.

A pair of teenage girls discussed their complexions.

"Do you get pimples around your period?" one inquired of the other.

"No," replied her friend, "just on my face and ass."

President Clinton snuck off to an old swimming hole, where he splashed about until being perilously seized by muscle cramps.

Three youths playing by the shore noticed his splashing, dove in and pulled the Chief Executive to safety.

"If there's anything I can help you with," Clinton told his young rescuers, "just ask."

The first boy said he would appreciate a letter of recommendation when he applied to college in a few years. The President happily agreed.

The second boy wanted \$5,000. Clinton wrote him a personal check.

The third boy's father was a Vietnam vet who worked in a factory. The kid requested to be buried, with a fancy send-off, at Arlington National Cemetery.

"But, kid," the President posited, "you're barely in high school. Do you think you'll be needing a funeral so soon?"

"I sure do," the boy moped. "Just as soon as my old man finds out that I saved your life!"

Question: What's the difference between pussy and mashed potatoes?

Answer: Mashed potatoes don't make their own gravy.

An elderly widow reported the results of her dinner date: "He was 86 years old," she said, "but I still had to slap him four times."

"Why?" her daughter queried. "Did he get fresh?"

"I wish!" huffed the widow. "I kept worrying that the old bastard was dying on me!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines sardine as: a fish that smells like a finger.

God looked upon Adam and spoke.

"I've got some good news and some bad news," the Creator revealed.

"What's the good news?" Adam wondered.

"I'm going to give you a brain and a dick," the Supreme Being stated.

"Then what's the bad news?"

"I'm only going to give you enough blood," God decreed, "to run one at a time."

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"I wanted to wait until we got home—but no-o-o, you just had to have a blowjob!"

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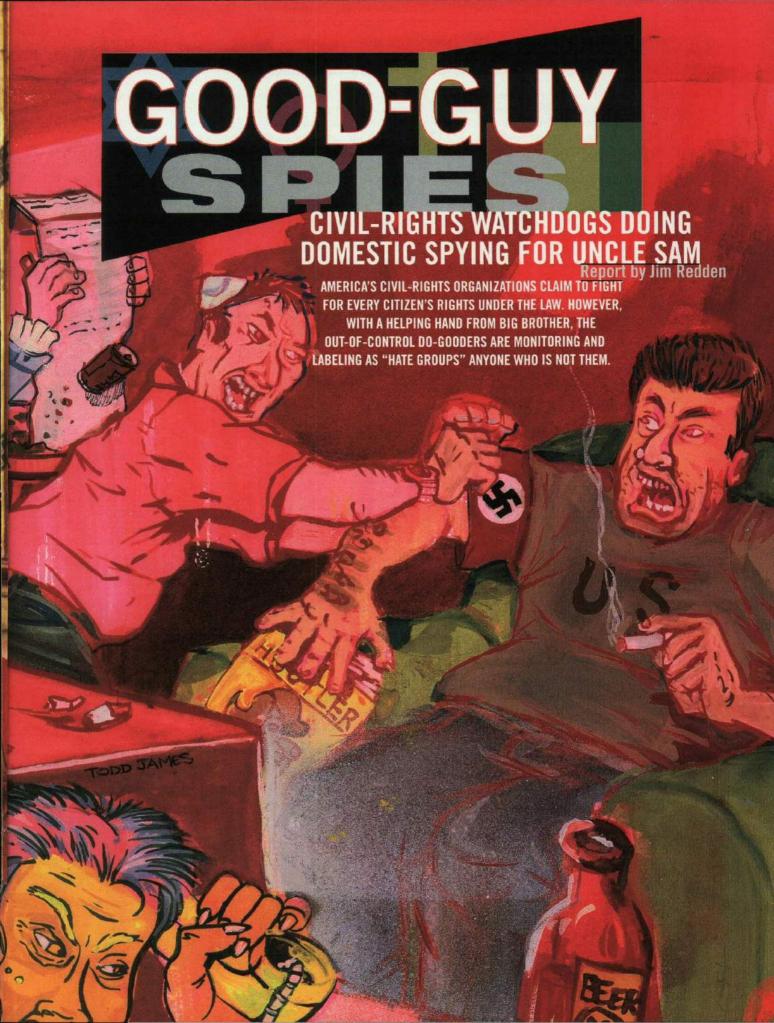




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Good-Guy Spies "I'm not a white supremacist," avows the highly decorat-

ed ex-Green Beret. "If I were bigoted, I would have been dead a long time ago."

On Saturday morning, February 12, 1994, an argument between two groups of men in the parking lot of a small conference hall in Beaverton, Oregon, ended when one of the men pulled a gun.

Speaking at the center was Populist Bo Gritz, a former Marine colonel who had campaigned for the office of President of the United States in 1992. Repeatedly denounced by civil-rights organizations in the local media as a dangerous racist, Gritz had seen many of his previous appearances picketed and, to avoid trouble, several hotels had cancelled his reservations.

Anyone familiar with the media accounts of Gritz's alleged racism might have supposed that the gun-wielding culprit in the parking-lot disturbance was a hot-tempered supporter of the former Presidential hopeful. In fact, the armed man was Matthew Halperin, a part-time research associate for a civil-rights organization called the Coalition for Human Dignity (CHD).

Accompanied by CHD director Jonathan Mozzochi, Halperin had attempted to photo-document the people who had come to hear Gritz. Having already photographed the attendees of a public meeting where Gritz had lectured the night before, as well as recording license-plate numbers, Mozzochi and

Halperin intended to add the information gathered Saturday into the 1,500 files and computerized data bases maintained by the CHD to chart the activities of so-called hate groups.

Reluctant to be spied upon, Gritz's supporters grew unruly. Shouting, "I have a gun; don't do anything to my friend," Halperin drew a 9mm semi-automatic Glock pistol from a holster concealed under his coat. Halperin and Mozzochi then walked away.

Beaverton Police Officer Steve Silvis reported to the scene after citizens complained about Halperin's armed threat.

"The CHD are supposed to be fighting for personal liberties," Silvis remarks. "Yet they were keeping tabs on other people, trying to obtain their identities in order to track their movements."

Apprehended later, Halperin initially denied having a gun, then explained that he brandished the weapon because he feared Mozzochi's life was in danger. Both men were released without charges.

In its efforts to safeguard the minority groups it represents, the CHD, established in 1992 as a response to the hatemurder of an Ethiopian national in the U.S., regularly surveils the operations of suspected white supremacists and neo-Nazis. However, Presidential candidate

Bo Gritz has never spoken out against blacks, Jews or any other ethnic group. His primary target is the intrusive bureaucracy of the U. S. government.

In mid-February 1994, the CHD discovered that Gritz and his associates had purchased approximately 280 acres of rural land in Idaho. Calling a press conference to announce the transaction, Mozzochi labeled Gritz a white supremacist—and charged that the Idaho development might serve as a secret base for domestic terrorist missions against American minorities. In the CHD Research Report "Almost Heaven?," Mozzochi asserts that paramilitary training conducted by Gritz will lead to a "Christian Covenant" stronghold.

Angrily denying Mozzochi's accusation, Gritz insisted that the Idaho property was intended as a self-sustaining retreat for parties who want to live as far as possible from the pervasive constraints of government bureaucracy.

"I'm not a white supremacist," avows the Mesa, Arizona, resident, a highly decorated ex-Green Beret. "Never have been, never will be. I married a Chinese woman. I've been to Saudi Arabia as an advisor. I've served in east and west Africa, and commanded Latin Americans in Special Forces. If I were bigoted, biased or prejudiced against creed, color, nationality or religion, I would have been dead a long time ago."

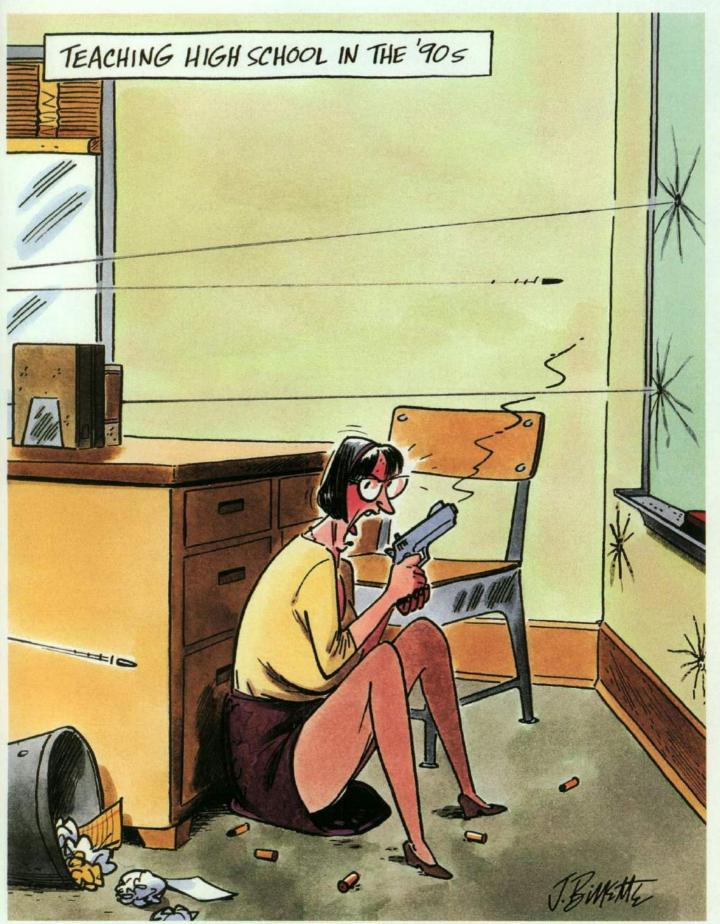
According to Gritz, the CHD first attacked him during his U.S. Presidential

"If I hadn't run for President in '92, I don't think the CHD would have known who I was," Gritz believes. "They targeted me as someone they could get some political mileage out of. None of them understand anything about me, and they don't want to learn."

Human-rights activists are popularly considered civic-minded crusaders for every individual's rights under the law, including freedom from harassment and invasion of privacy. However-unknown to most Americans-several prominent U.S. civil-liberties organizations utilize extensive files, many compiled by illegal, immoral surveillance methods, to keep track of their perceived opponents. Among others, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the country's leading Jewish advocacy group; the Southern Poverty Law Center, a publicinterest law firm in Montgomery, Alabama; and the Center for Democratic Renewal, a human-rights advocacy group

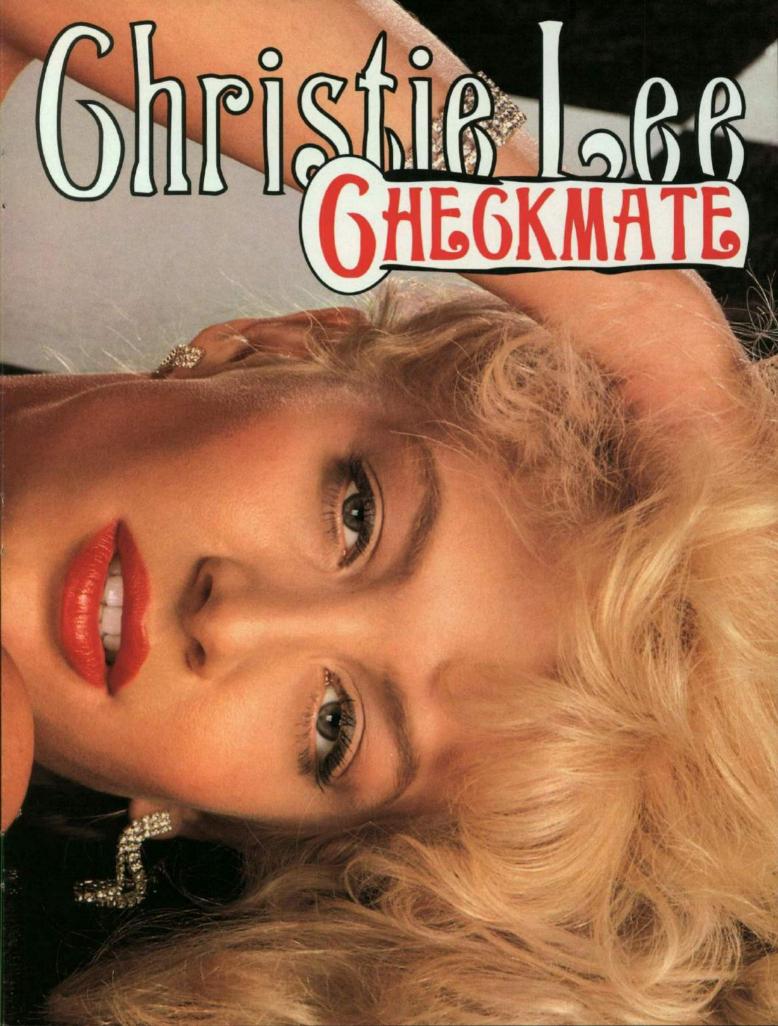
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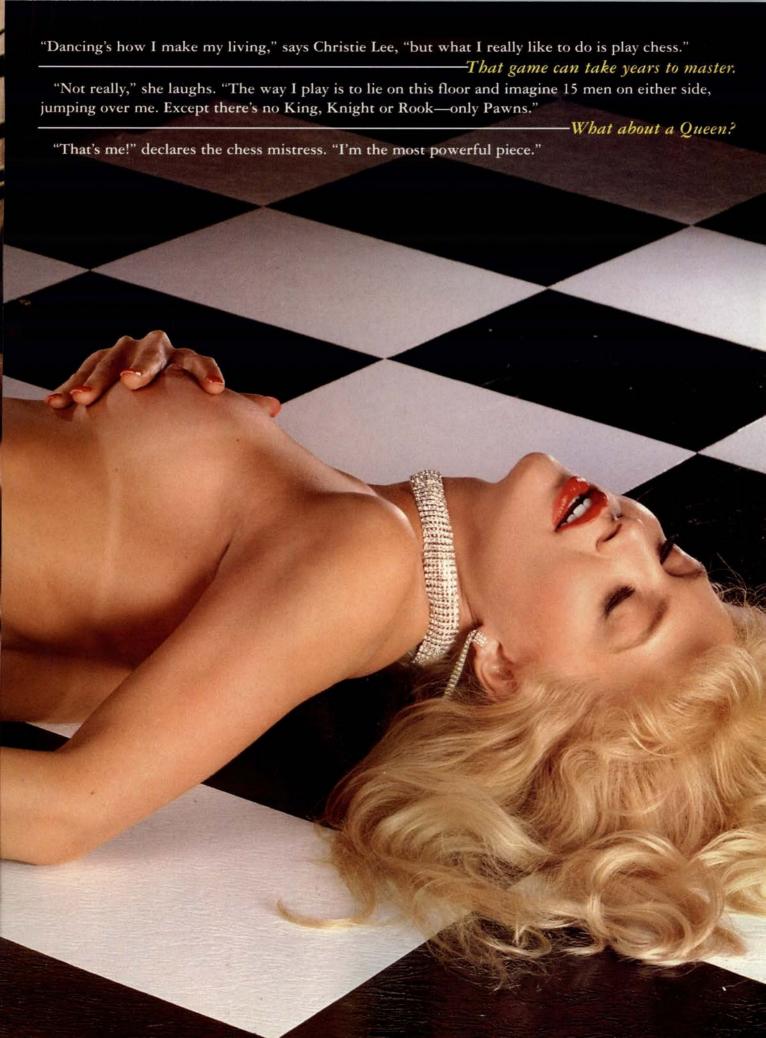


"I'll ask one more fuckin' time, Jamaal! Who was the 16th President?"

















Good-Guy Spies The ADL was tracking not only potential threats to its constituency, but groups working to reform U.S. national and foreign policies as well.

in Atlanta, Georgia, (which is affiliated with the smaller, Pacific Northwest-based Coalition for Human Dignity) all maintain spying operations directed at persons and groups they have targeted as "enemies" of racial, ethnic and religious harmony.

As intended, these dossiers record the identities and doings of people who unquestionably pose a threat to vulnerable minority interests. However, in their zeal to label potential hate criminals, many civil-rights groups list law-abiding public and private figures and populist activists opposed to the increasing degree of government involvement in private affairs.

According to Michigan-based, Arab-American attorney and activist Abdeen Jabara, a significant percentage of American civil-rights organizations, including the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (ADL), maintain strong ties to federal and municipal law-enforcement agencies nationwide. Among instances of open exchanges between snooping do-gooders and government agents, the Southern Poverty Law Center, a human-liberties group founded in 1971 by attorneys Morris Dees and Joseph Levin Jr., publishes a veritable intelligence report on perceived enemy organizations specifically for the edification of police officers across the country.

In 1983 Jabara successfully sued the FBI for illegally spying on him, forcing the FBI to destroy its file on him and admit that he had broken no laws. A former president and current national vicechair of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, he claims federal and municipal agencies, in direct violation of laws against such practices, routinely swap confidential information with privately operated civil-rights groups.

"Private agencies are taking over the political spying that was curtailed by the courts in the aftermath of Watergate," states Jabara. "As I see it, involving private agencies in government detective work is a conscious effort by national law-enforcement authorities, leading ulti-

mately to official policy."

Ironically, it is due in part to the legislative efforts of civil-rights organizations that federal laws, such as the Privacy Act, prohibit the government from domestic spying. Current legislation curbs such invasion of privacy, and it is illegal for government agencies to build files on people or organizations because of their political beliefs. The prohibition applies to federal agencies as well as to the police forces in every American city.

Many local law-enforcement agencies ended their surveillance of political

groups after being sued by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), and the National Lawyers Guild (NLG), among others. In 1974, following a suit brought by the local chapter of the ACLU, the Portland, Oregon, Police Bureau agreed to stop spying on political activists, and to destroy all existing files. Former police lieutenant Ervin T. Osbourn explained how such domestic-spy files came into existence in the first place: "During World War II, the potential spread of Nazism was of paramount concern. Police groups across the country collected extensive files on that subject, assembling names and biographical information of anyone associated with the subject. During the 1950s, the great danger was Communism, and we documented those activities. During the 1960s, it was the Black Panthers and radicalism. Every decade has been characterized by some burning public-safety concern. The police response had always been to track, by all available means, individuals and groups that posed potential threats."

In the 1980s and early '90s, surveillance methods similar to the kind formerly undertaken in government interests were used by such human-liberties organizations as the ADL, the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC), the Center for Democratic Renewal and the CHD, all of whom purport to object to assaults

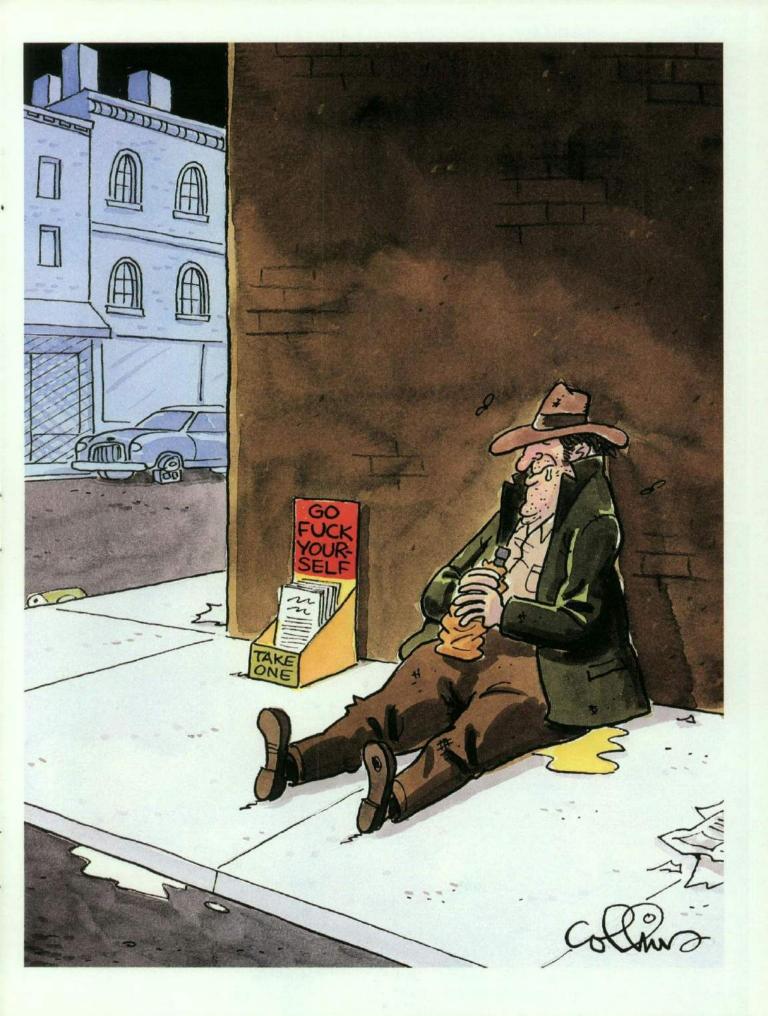
on privacy rights.

Spying on self-declared enemies-Ku Klux Klan members and other white supremacists, for instance—has greatly benefitted embattled minority-protection groups, enabling them to publish detailed reports of the identities, whereabouts and planned activities of potentially violent harassers. Many of these efforts have contributed to the public good. For instance, the ADL and SPLC, armed with inside information, were among the first to alert the nation to the emergence of the dissension-sowing, violent skinhead movement.

However, among the so-called hate groups these supposed do-gooders saw fit to surveil were individuals who opposed discrimination and intolerance. In early 1993, the ADL was caught spying on a broad range of liberal activists-champions of minority rights, including people and organizations involved in antiapartheid and gay politics. Dubbed "Pinko Organizations," this list includes the Apartheid Boycott Campaign, Lesbians and Gays Against Intervention and the National Rainbow Coalition. According to the San Francisco Examiner, the San



(continued on page 136)













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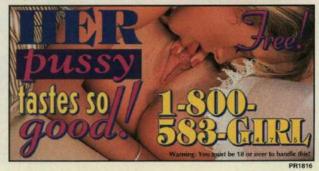






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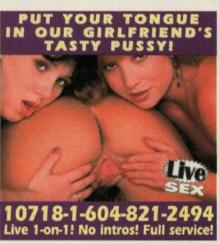








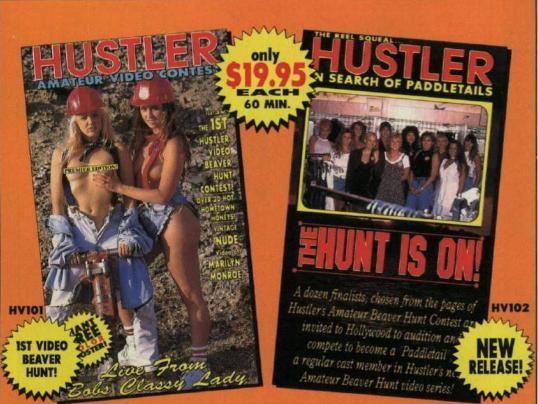












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(continued from page 55) me at first, but when I turned my back to wash her cunt slime off

my rod, she thanked me on the top of my skull with a fucking wrench. Two weeks later, when the coma passed, I found out that she had thought she was giving me the mercy fuck."

Occasional violent bursts of ingratitude are only one potential snag to giving a mercy fuck.

"Here's what I hate," offers Homer Boneson, a peace activist who appreciates an active piece, "I hate it when I feel sorry for some meek drab minge; so I give her a vigorous stirring in the puss, and she has a personality change, turning into a cunt-haughty, high-assed bitch. It makes me wish I could siphon my wad back from her snatch and return it to my balls where it should have stayed. Repossessing the fuck is, of course, not an option. So what I do is I tell her that her ass is drooping and her pussy's about as tight and hot as a glass of curdled milk in the sun. That brings her right back down to earth."

Some mercy-fucks-gone-awry require a gentler solution. "There's always the danger," warns Daniel Springlog, a man who values his lone-wolfishness, "that a sub-par chick will fall in love with you once you've treated her to a helping of mercy dick. She's mistaken the selfless gesture to be a declaration of love and devotion. She'll follow you everywhere, call at all hours of the night, give you gifts, look sad and sick. Do not be annoyed. Let her down as gently as possible. Keep in mind that the whole thing started out as a good deed, and that it should end that way also."

Every man is given only a limited amount of time on this planet. He will not attempt to spread as much good as he possibly can, but he should at least try to commit a few small acts of kindness.

Thomas Droplet's Japanese compact sedan veered off the road and ran head-on into a tree while his balls were being licked by a woman he had rescued from a local dog pound. "I found myself rushing down a tunnel of light," relates Droplet. "We reached a juncture. Straight ahead was a glow of warmth and wet comfort. Below was a dry pit of lapping flame. A voice boomed out-it must have been the voice of God: 'No man shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless he hath given sufficient mercy fucks during his span of life."

"Before I hit that tree, I'd been worrying about my friends seeing me with the dog-pound lady, but hovering over the pit of hell, I was fucking glad she'd come along. It wasn't my time to go, and I got sent back to life. I don't know how long I'll be here, but I'm devoting my remaining days to handing out carnal condolences to women who need them."

Woe be unto he who arrives at judgment time without ever having granted a mercy fuck in his living days.

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1998 HUSTLER Magazine.



Nothing comes between cutie-pie Raquel and her Calvins. Photography, environmental issues and "squidgy cakes" are the and the tantalizing 21-year-old fulfills her fantasies by "dress-photo by Fiance"

The most precious pearls are not found in oysters, as dazzling China of Phoenix, Arizona, points out. When she's not nursing the sick back to health, the taut 31-year-old is scuba diving, writing or dancing. Her heart's desire is to fuck other women—

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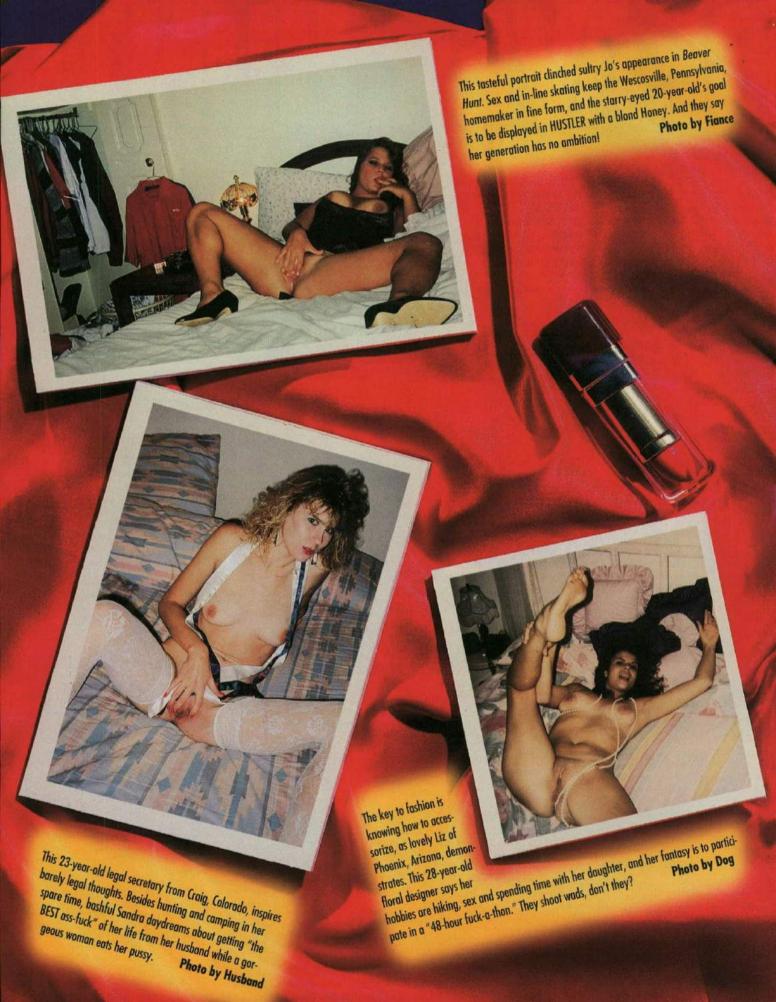
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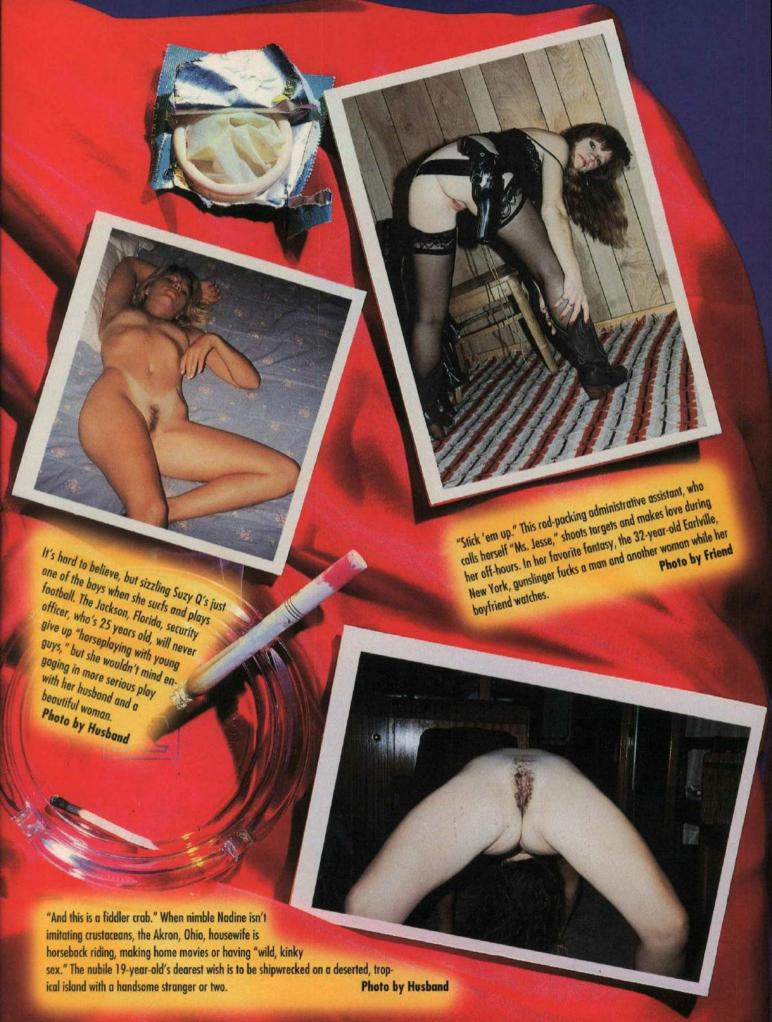
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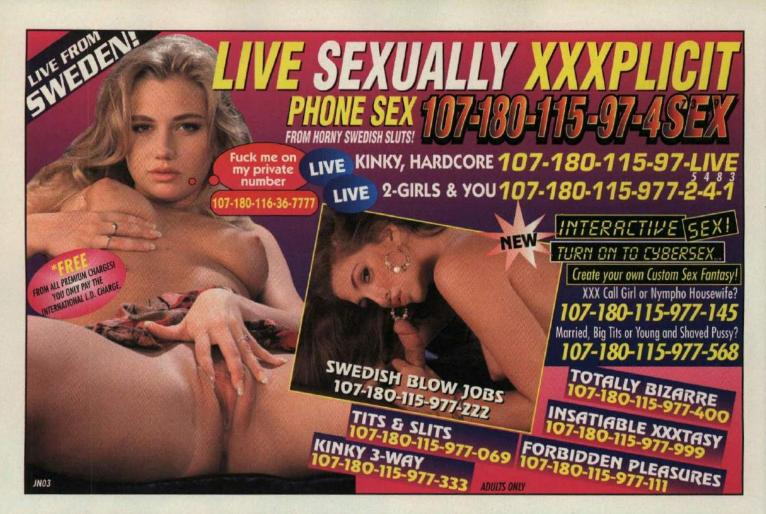
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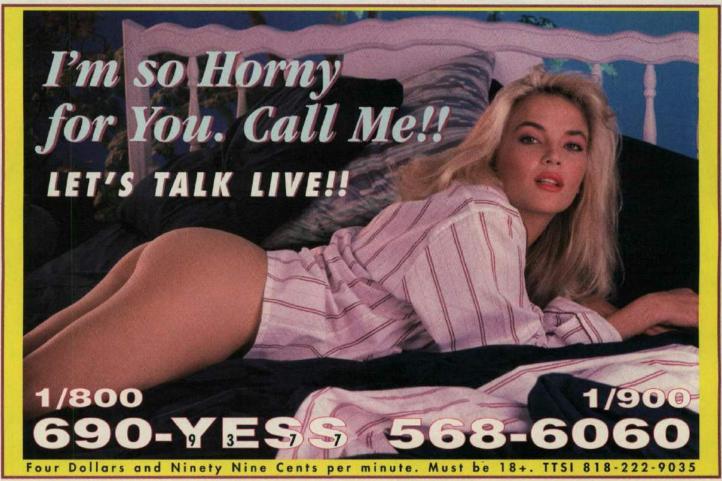




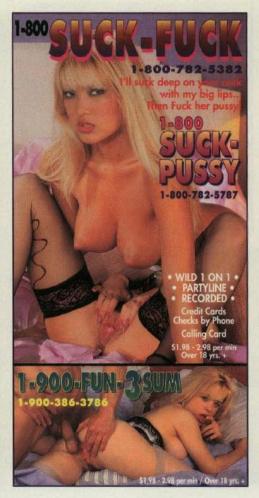














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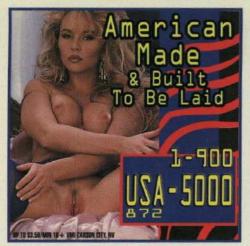


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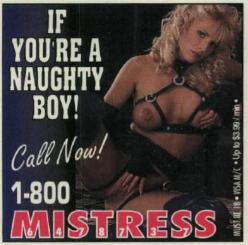
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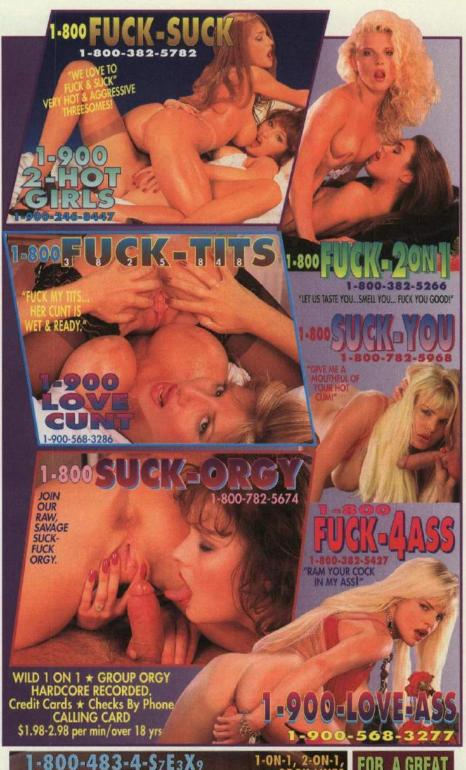
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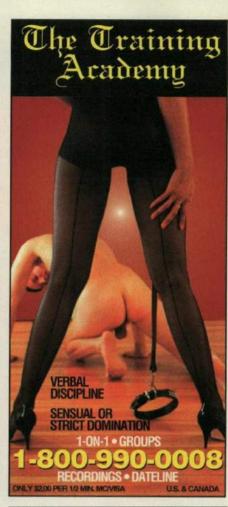






















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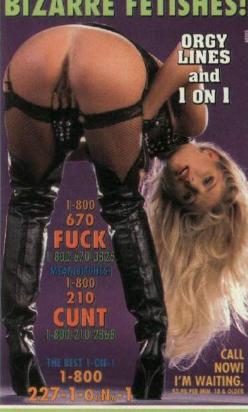
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Good-Guy Spies Bullock paid an informant approximately \$18,000 to infiltrate

the White Aryan Resistance. He code-named his informant "Scumbag," because of the latter's extensive criminal record.

Francisco District Attorney, Arlo Smith. investigated the ADL for using illegal methods to gather information on California-based political activists.

More than 700 pages of interviews and other documents gathered by the DA's office revealed that ADL employees had engaged in a broad range of questionable activities in order to gather information on a significant array of private individuals. Specifically, ADL operatives had dug through trash, infiltrated protest groups and enlisted informers to assemble dossiers on the private lives of literally thousands of people.

The DA's investigation focused on Roy Bullock, a gay art collector who had worked for years as a private investigator for the ADL. Influenced by Undercover, the autobiography of John Lloyd Carlson, who spied on Nazi and fascist groups in the United States in the 1930s-Bullock corresponded with Carlson, obtaining copies of files Carlson had assembled on such groups as the National Renaissance Party of New York, an early neo-Nazi organization. Offering Carlson's dossiers to the local office of the ADL, Bullock volunteered to infiltrate local and national right-wing groups suspected of anti-Semitism.

According to the San Francisco DA, in

1960, Bullock became a paid, full-time investigator for the ADL. The Jewish organization did not pay Bullock directly, but instead, routed his salary through a Los Angeles attorney named Bruce Hochman. After starting at \$75 a week, Bullock's fees had grown to approximately \$2,200 a month by the time news of his illegal operations surfaced in the press.

As an ADL operative, Bullock collected information on the memberships and activities of such right-wing organizations as the John Birch Society, the American Nazi Party and Alabama Governor George Wallace's 1968 Presidential campaign.

In 1991, Bullock paid a skinhead informant approximately \$18,000 in ADL funds to infiltrate the White Aryan Resistance (WAR), a militant, openly racist organization run by Tom and John Metzger of Fallbrook, California. In memos to his ADL bosses, Bullock referred to this action as Operation Eavesdrop. He code-named his informant "Scumbag," because of the latter's extensive criminal record.

At the urging of the ADL's San Francisco-office director, claimed Bullock, he expanded his surveillance to include a broad range of leftist, socialist, gay and anti-apartheid organizations,

including the Christic Institute, the Communist Party USA, the National Lawyers Guild and ACT-UP, the AIDS activist group.

Collecting the data in computer files, Bullock listed the various results under four headings: Arab, Pinko, Right and Skins (for skinheads). While the ADL could claim credible security concerns about the possibly anti-Semitic agendas of Arab and skinhead activists, Bullock's Pinko file tracked groups and individuals supporting legal protections for Jews, including Jewish activist Noam Chomsky, and the New Jewish Agenda.

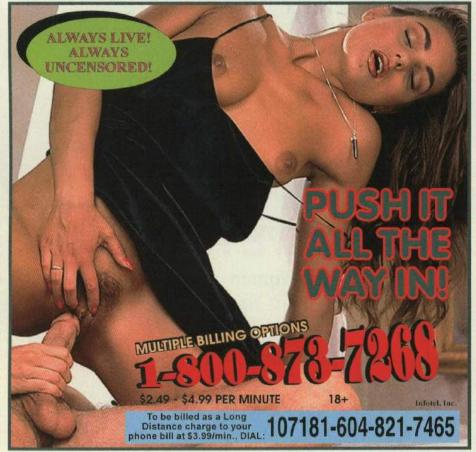
Evidence suggests that the surveillance operations of the ADL, along with many other civil-rights organizations, were directly assisted by U.S. law-enforcement agencies. In a mid-1980s memo to all its branch offices, FBI officials formally requested that federal agents cooperate with the ADL. The missive reads: "The ADL has undertaken to monitor and report the activities of domestic terrorist groups, including the Ku Klux Klan. It was established that each FBI Office contact each Regional Office [of the ADL] to establish a liaison and line of communications to promptly receive any allegations of civil-rights violations. Each receiving office should contact the Regional ADL Director listed in your Division and establish this liaison."

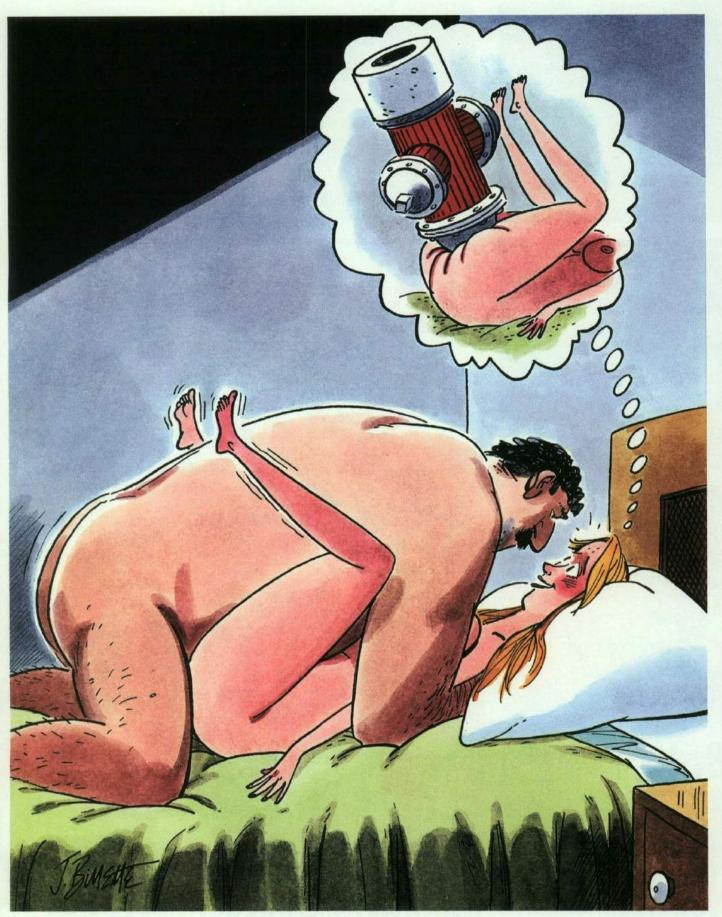
Undoubtedly formed with good intentions, the FBI/ADL affiliation resulted in highly questionable exchanges of information between the two groups. Upon searching the ADL's offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles, the San Francisco DA's investigators recovered a number of confidential FBI documents, including a secret report on the Nation of Islam, the black-separatist organization, alleging that group's involvement in a wide array of crimes. Nestor Michnyak, an FBI press spokesman in Washington, D.C., verified that the 33-page memo was a classified, internal-agency report.

The DA's investigation also revealed that ADL operative Bullock had established close relationships with numerous police officers throughout the West Coast. One such contact, a San Francisco intelligence officer named Tom Gerard, was assigned to track potential terrorist organizations, including radical Arab and skinhead groups.

Introduced to Bullock in the San Francisco ADL office in 1986, Gerard provided Bullock with information directly from confidential San Francisco police files. In 1989, following the California

(continued on page 142)





"Don't be silly—of course it's not too big."



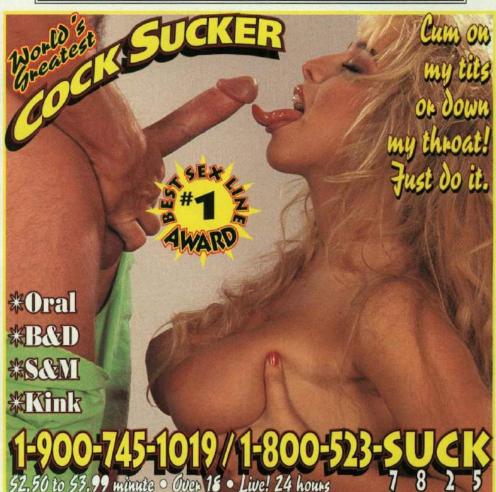


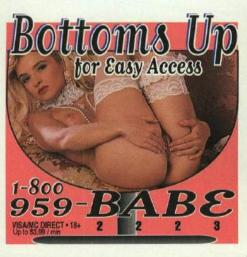




















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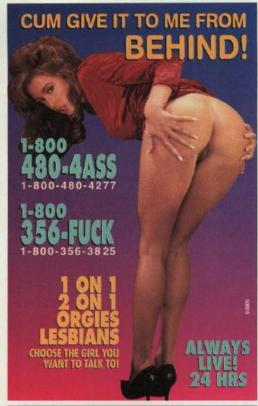












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Truly Bizarre

(continued from page 72)

performance art and, like so many others, seems far too refined and genteel to be making nasty whip-crack movies for a living. To watch him perform is to realize, however, that he is in exactly the right place.

A small-town sheriff's office. Scott Baker, the town lush, rests idly in the drunk tank. His only company is nogood law woman Shelby Stevens.

Stevens points out that Baker's breath stinks. "Brush your teeth," she dictates, inviting herself into his cell. At first, making his way to the sink, Baker is glad to. Then Stevens clarifies her dire instructions.

"Scrub this full, filthy toilet with your toothbrush first," she demands, "and then you may brush your teeth."

Hysterical hillbilly Baker bemoans his orders, but follows them through. He wipes down the shitcan's inner rim with his toothbrush, after which he goes to work about shining his choppers.

Stevens is not satisfied. She lunges at Baker, pinning him to his cot. She grabs the toothbrush in her fist and rams it down his throat. Baker spasms and undulates, completely believable that he's choking. Stevens backs off at what seems a mere moment before asphyxiation. She

ties Baker to his bed. Alternately tickled and pounded open-handed, Baker spouts a demented monologue. Stevens wants quiet. She sits on Baker's face, squirming hard, until he passes out.

The shooting wraps Sunday evening. A polite man wheels a full-sized iron maiden device, wherein Nancy Vee was screamingly imprisoned not much earlier, past Stephanie Martin. She doesn't notice. Someone else scours the studio for any dog collars or striking devices that may have been left behind.

Surveying the crew disassembling the torture chambers, the warehouse workers readying boxes of last month's product to be shipped, director Rhodes reviewing the day's footage at her editing bay, and a pair of mooks from HUSTLER with big boners in their pants, Stephanie Martin comes to a logical conclusion: "We do good work here."

"We do bizarre work here," a bystander interjects.

"Fair enough," Martin concedes.

But is it bizarre enough?

Debi Diamond howls in glee from the far side of the studio: the pussy clamps she's trying on pinch her just right.

Bizarre Video is bizarre enough indeed.



"Today Congress appropriated 200 million dollars for a six-month study on why people hate to pay taxes."

Good-Guy Spies

(continued from page 136)

Supreme Court's order that all police destroy their intelligence reports on political organizations, Gerard boxed up his San Francisco division's files and presented them to Bullock. Searching Bullock's home, the San Francisco DA recovered entire police files on such neo-Nazi groups as the American Association for the Advancement of White People. Other groups profiled in Bullock's files included the anti-abortion activist organization Operation Rescue and the Christic Institute, which was formed to halt U.S. support of Contra rebels in Nicaragua. Inclusion of these associations in the ADL's catalogue of hate groups indicates that the ADL was tracking not only potential threats to its constituency, but groups working to reform U.S. national and foreign policies as well.

As a result of the DA's investigation, Gerard quit the San Francisco Police Department, after pleading guilty to a minor charge of violating California public-records laws. More serious conspiracy charges were dismissed when the FBI refused to surrender federal documents concerning Gerard to California prosecutors. Agreeing to cease all spying operations in California, the ADL

paid a \$75,000 fine.

"Law-enforcement officials state that illegal spying is only done by rogue members of their assorted agencies, but, in nearly every case, the actions were semi-official," claims Abdeen Jabara.

Jabara does not believe the ADL has curtailed its surveillance operations.

"There is absolutely no reason to believe that anything has changed," he states. "All of the same players are still in place. Nothing internal has been done to put a stop to this."

Meanwhile, further instances of civilrights groups' civic abuses continue to undermine the higher-minded practices

of such organizations.

Founded originally as a public interest law firm to assist low-income Southerners, in 1988 the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) successfully sued several Hemphill, Texas, Ku Klux Klan chapters for encouraging attacks on blacks, bankrupting a number of the most prominent Klansmen in the process.

In its 1993 list of hate groups, the SPLC included the American Justice Federation, a human-liberties advocacy group founded by civil-rights attorney Linda Thompson of Indianapolis, Indiana. The reason? The American Justice Federation urges abolition of the IRS.





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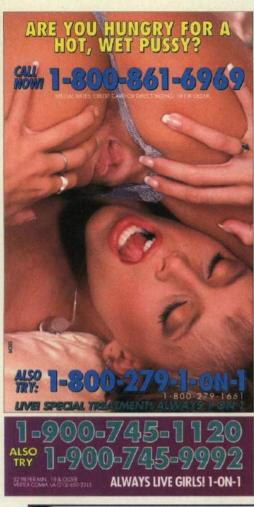


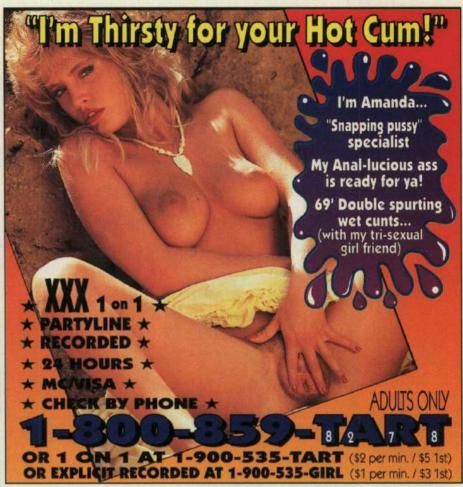


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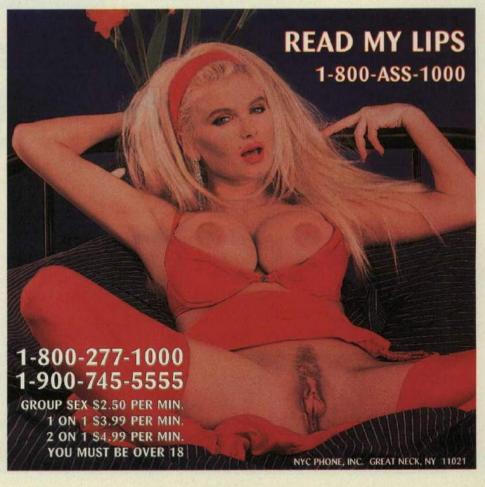












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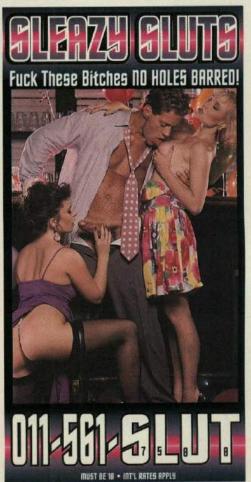
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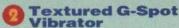


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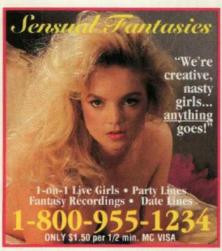








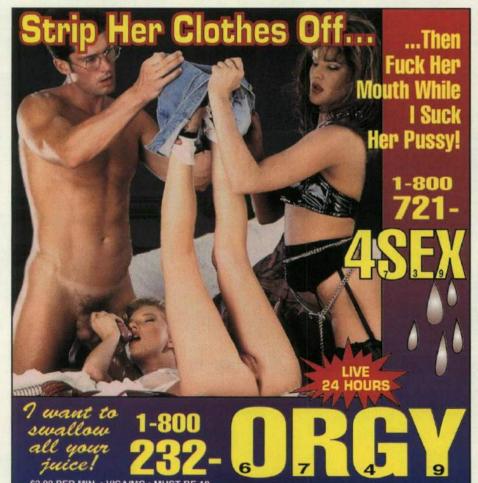
















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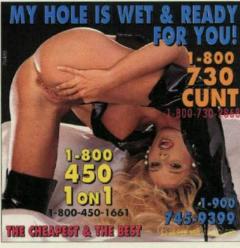
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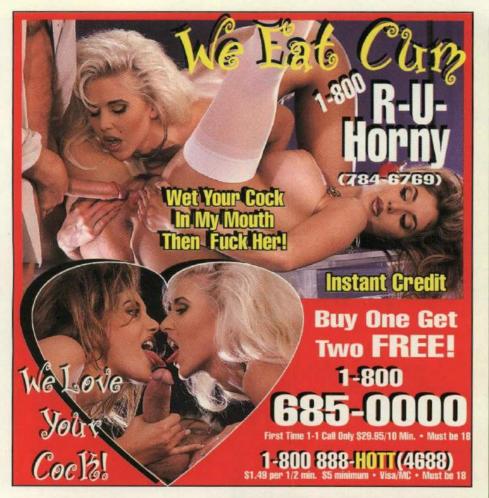














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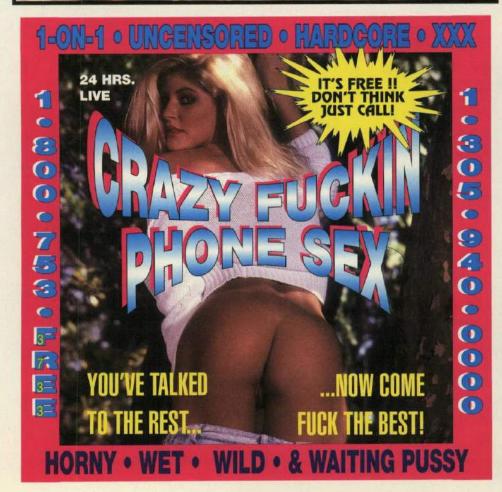
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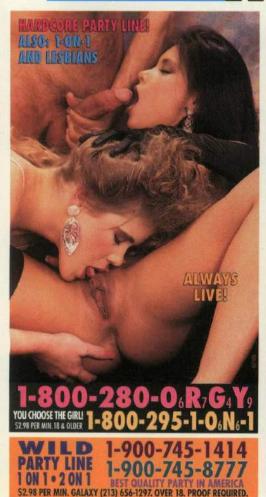
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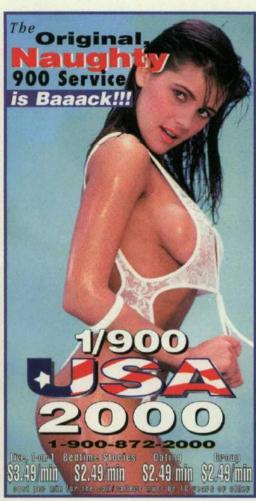






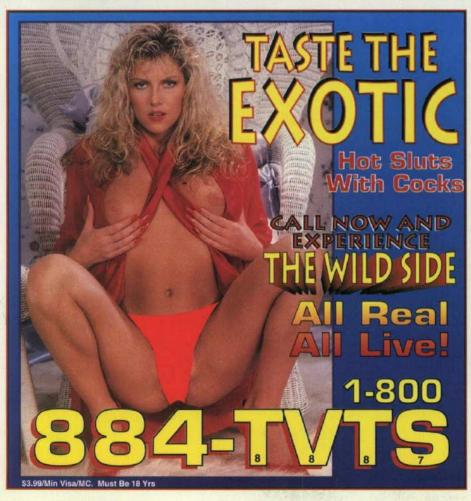














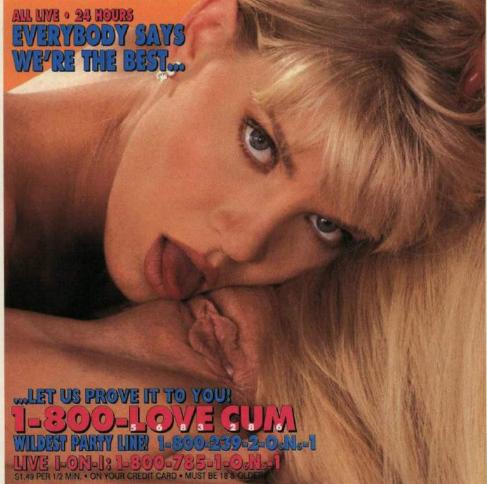




































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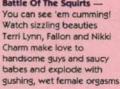
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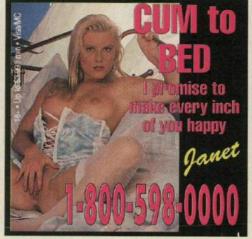
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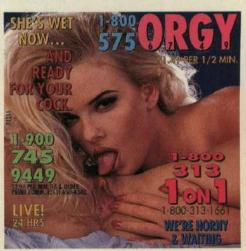






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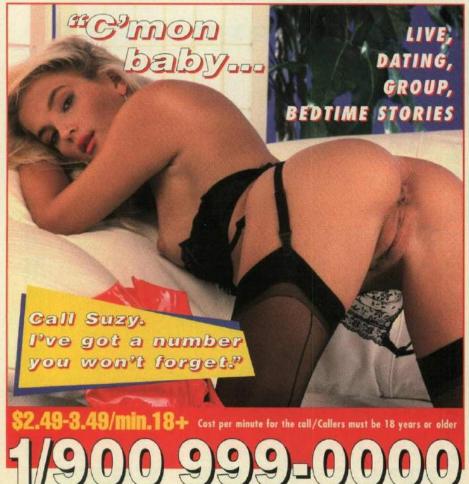














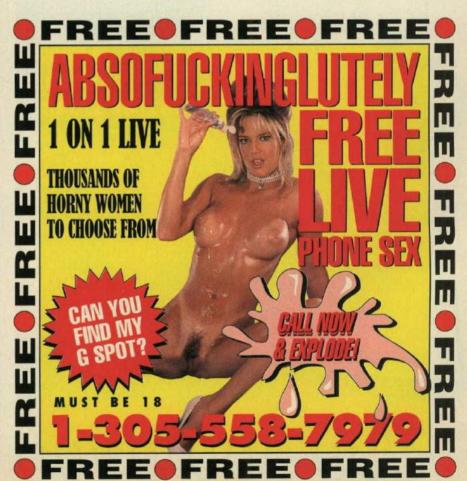












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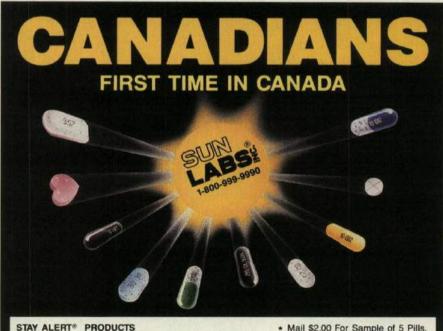
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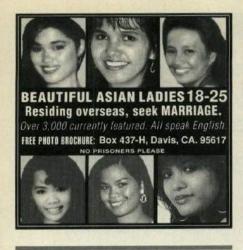
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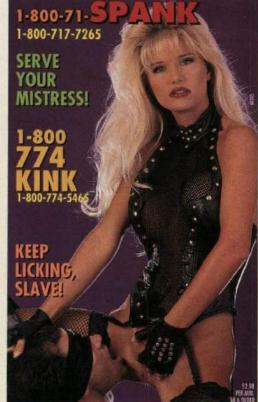












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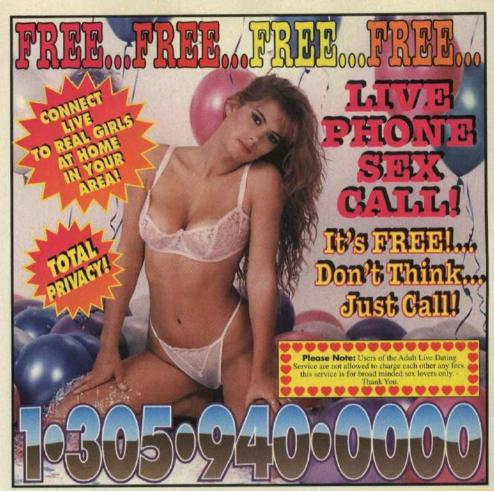
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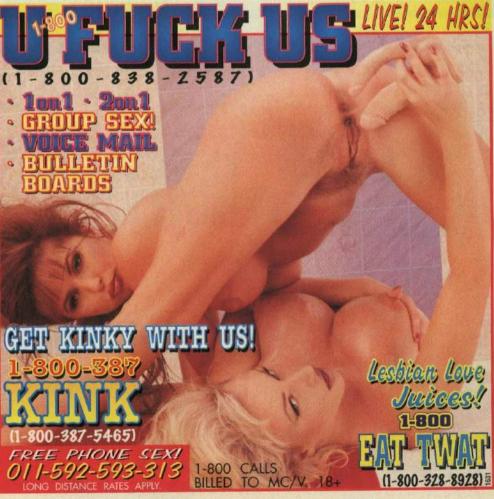


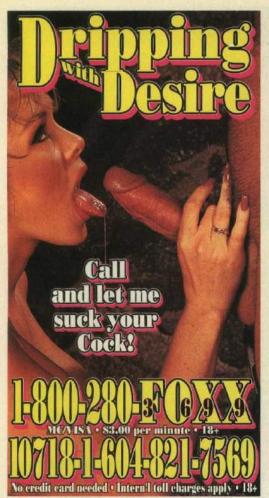




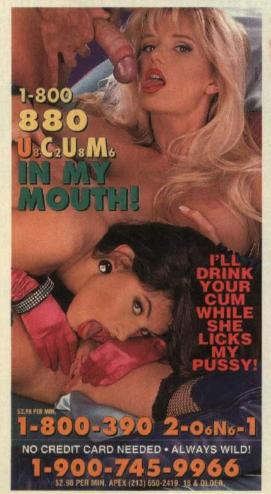


















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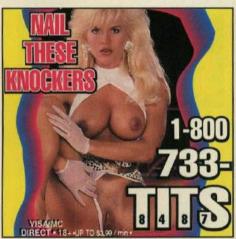
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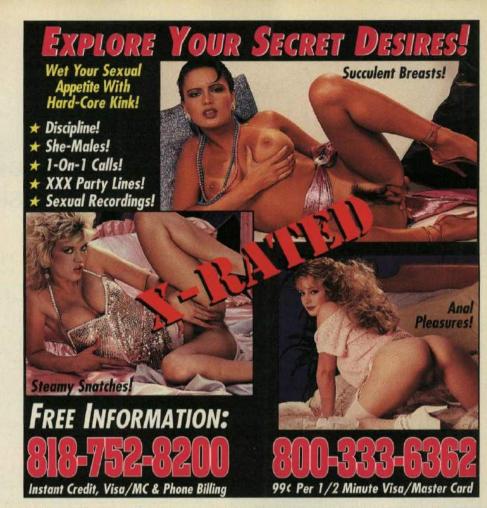
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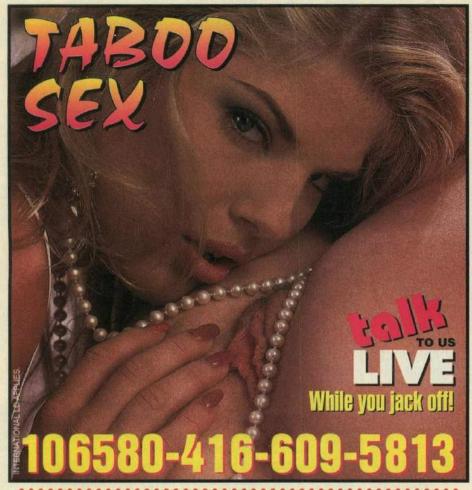
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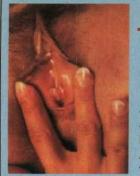
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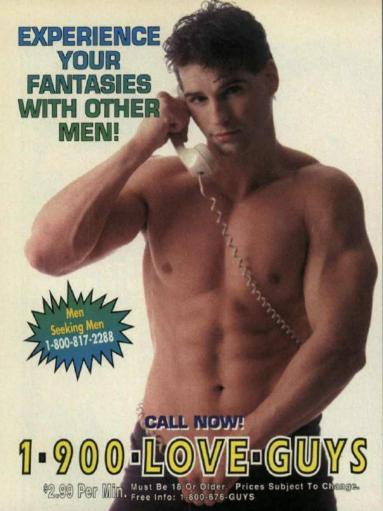
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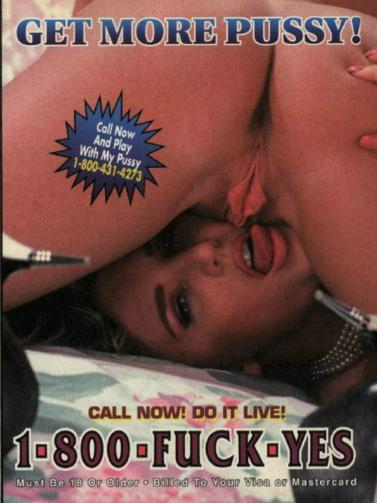




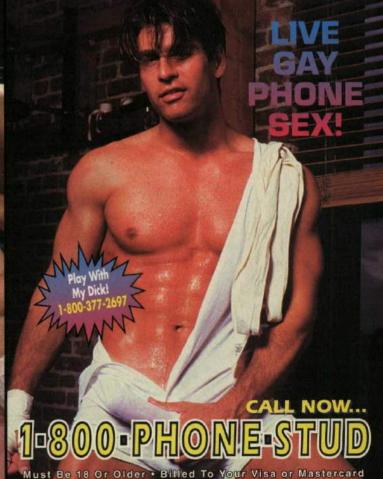


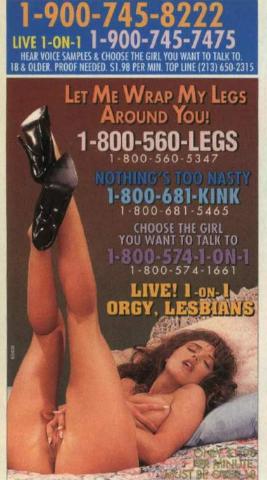




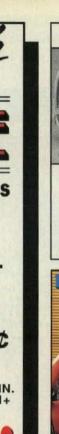












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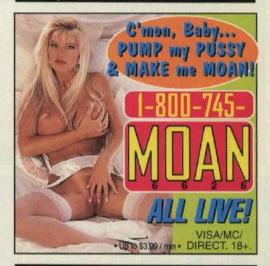


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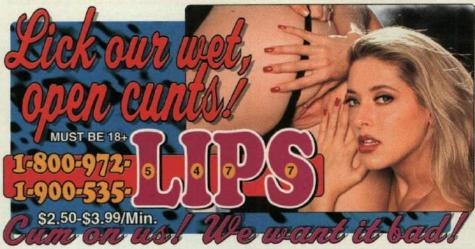






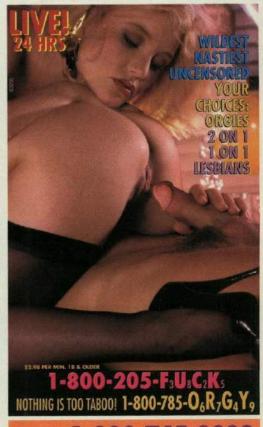








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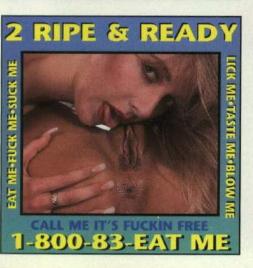


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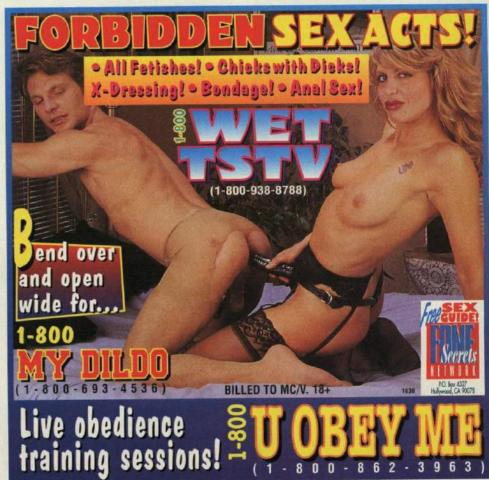














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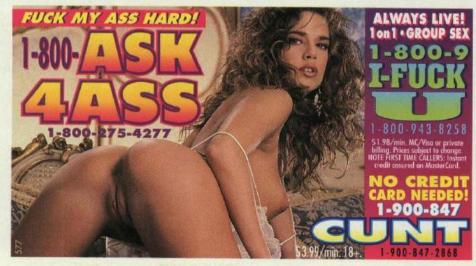














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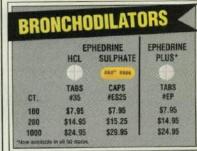
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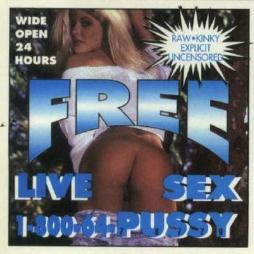
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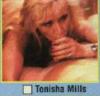
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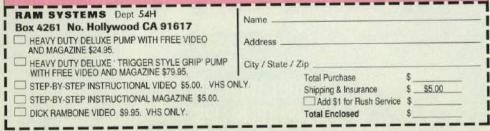






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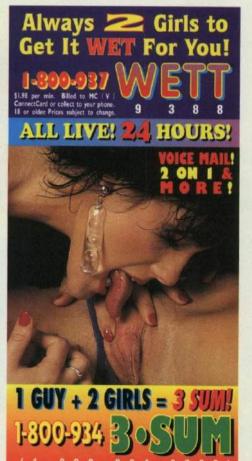
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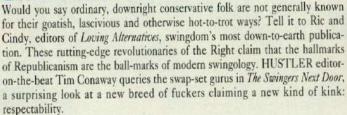
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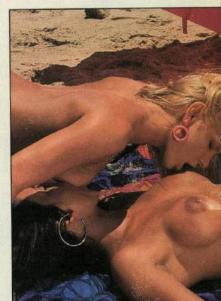


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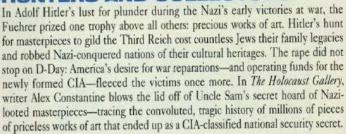
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